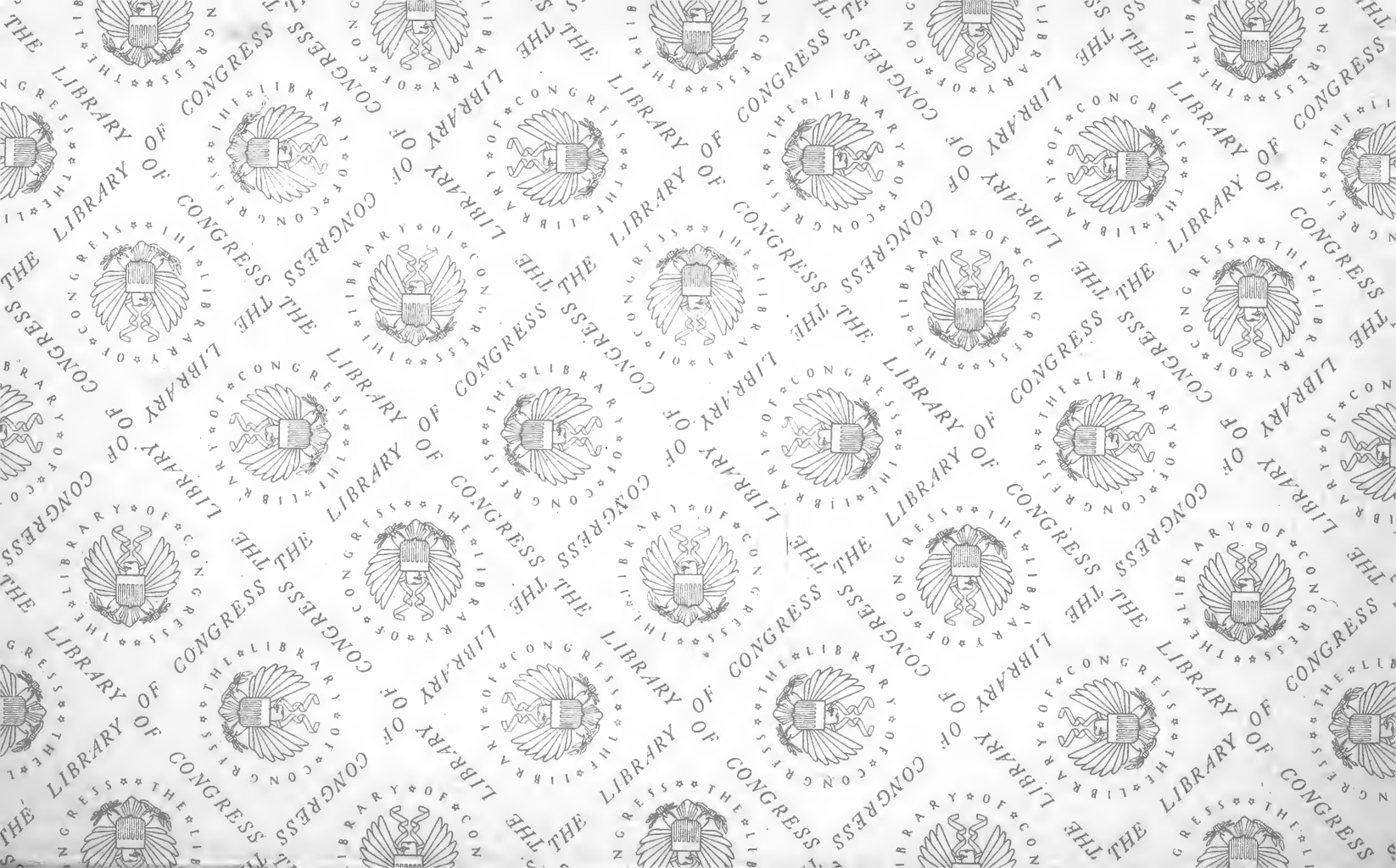

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

RECOLLECTIONS OF

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE

COURT OF THE TUILERIES

BY

MADAME CARETTE

LADY OF HONOR TO THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN

2
2 812

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
OCT 9 1889
263122
WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1889

Copyright, 1889,
By D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

DC 283.2
.C28

CONTENTS.

I.

PAGE

Journey of the Emperor and Empress to Brittany.—Arrival at Brest.—Girls offering Flowers to the Empress.—Popular fêtes.—A Ball.—Her Majesty the Empress Eugénie.—Continuation of the Journey.—Notre Dame d'Auray.—Arrival at Saint-Servan.—Ball at Saint-Malo.—Attempt of Orsini.—Souvenirs of the Journey to Brittany 5

II.

Ten Years of Reign.—Marriage of Prince Napoleon.—The Italian War.—Return of the Army from Italy.—The Princess de Metternich.—Prince Richard de Metternich 29

III.

Journey of the Emperor and Empress to Savoy.—Journey to Algeria.—Death of the Duchesse d'Albe.—Return to Saint-Cloud.—The Duchesse d'Albe.—Profiles of Sovereigns.—The Emperor meets Mlle de Montijo.—Sojourn at Compiègne.—Betrothals.—Departure for Spain.—The Emperor, on the 10th of December, announces his Marriage.—Marriage at Notre Dame.—The Empress's Pearls.—Villeneuve l'Étang.—Visit to Trianon.—A Miniature of Marie Antoinette.—Feelings of the Emperor toward his Wife.—Grief of the Empress after the Death of the Duchesse d'Albe.—Journey to Scotland.—Return 45

IV.

PAGE

Household of the Empress.—The Princesse d'Essling.—The Duchesse de Bassano.—The Marquise de las Marismas.—The Comtesse de Montebello.—The Baronne de Pierres.—The Marquise de Latour-Maubourg.—The Comtesse Lezay Marnésia.—The Comtesse de Malaret.—Picture by Winterhalter.—Madame de Sanay de Parabère.—The Comtesse de la Bédoyere.—The Comtesse de la Poëze.—Madame de Saulcy.—The Comtesse de Reyne-val.—The Comtesse de Lourmel.—The Baronne de Viry-Cohendier.—Madame Féray d'Isly.—Pinson, the Ladies' Coachman.—My Nomination to be a Lady of the Palace.—Monseigneur Darboy.—Maréchal Vaillant.—The Duc de Bassano 66

V.

How the Empress called me to herself.—My Arrival at the Tuileries.—First going out with the Empress.—The Interior of the Tuileries.—Habitual Occupations of the Empress.—The infant Prince Imperial.—Bagatelle.—M. Damas Hinard, the Empress's Secretary.—M. de Saint-Albin, Librarian.—The Comtesse Pons de Wagner, Reader to the Empress.—The Private Apartments of the Empress.—The Princesse Anna Murat.—The Duchesse de Morny.—The Duchesse de Malakoff.—The Duchesse de Cadore.—The Duchesse de Persigny.—The Comtesse Walewska 98

VI.

The Empress's study.—The Papers of the Tuileries.—Private Souvenirs.—Portraits and Pictures.—The Comte and Comtesse de Montijo.—The Queen of Holland.—The Prince of Orange.—Letters of the Prince Imperial.—The Empress's Dressing-room.—An elevator.—Birth of the Prince Imperial.—The Empress's Oratory.—The Last Mass at the Tuileries.—Shadows of Female Sovereigns.—The Empress's Bedchamber.—The Golden Rose of the Pope.—" Souvenirs d'un

PAGE

Officier d'Ordonnance."—The Empress's Wardrobe.—Political Toilettes.—The Empress's Shoes.—The Orphanage Eugène-Napoléon.—Fate of the Children after the Commune.—Madame Pollet.—The Empress's Jewels.—M. Thélin.—The Emperor's Escape from the Fortress of Ham . . 126

VII.

Dinner at the Tuileries.—The Salon d'Apollon.—The Service.—The Empress's Negro.—The Salon de Louis XIV.—The Empress's Wager.—The Evening's Conversation.—Illness of the Prince Imperial, his Humor and his Infant Tastes.—Miss Shaw.—Louis Conneau.—M. Bâchon.—Madame l'Amiral Bruat.—The Comtesse Ducos.—The Prince Imperial's Nurse.—M. Monnier.—Madame Corme.—M. Filon.—The Mission Regnier 179

VIII.

Receptions at the Tuileries.—The Dinners.—Grand Balls.—The Hundred Guards.—The Presentations.—The Salle de Maréchaux.—Jewels.—Masquerade Balls.—Four Sphinxes.—The Marquis de Gallifet.—The Comtesse de Castiglione.—Prince Jérôme.—Dr. Arnal.—Concerts.—The Empress's Private Balls.—The Princess de Beaffremont.—Prince Georges Bibesco.—The Princess of Monaco.—The Duchess of Hamilton 206

IX.

Mexico.—Origin of the War.—Departure of the Fleet.—Admiral Jurien de la Gravière.—M. Tenaille de Saligny.—Aim of the Expedition.—Treaty of the Soledad.—The Negotiations.—General Prim.—General Lorencez.—Padre Miranda.—The Powers retire.—Conflict of the Powers.—Rôle of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière.—His Return.—The Admiral is nominated *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor.—His Part

PAGE

in the 4th of September.—Maximilian Emperor of Mexico.—The Archduchess Carlotta.—Their Journey to Paris.—Basis of Agreement.—Return to Miramar.—Departure for Mexico.—Arrival at Vera Cruz.—Difficulties.—The Empress Carlotta at Saint-Cloud.—A Glass of Orangeade.—Illness of the Empress Carlotta.—The Emperor Maximilian in Mexico.—His Trial.—His Death.—End of the Empress Carlotta 237

X.

The Benevolent Works of the Empress.—Orphanage Eugène Napoléon.—Infant Asylums and Schools.—Hospitals, Asylum for Convalescents.—Maternal Charity.—Orphan Asylum of the Prince Imperial.—Aid for Wounded Soldiers and Sailors.—Society for Life-Saving at Sea.—Fund for the Benefit of Invalid Workmen.—Public Kitchens —The Prisons.—Visit to Charenton.—Visit to the Petite Roquette.—Visit to Saint-Lazare.—Visit to the Hospitals of Paris during the Cholera of 1865 265

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

I.

On the 8th of August, 1858, the Emperor and Empress left Cherbourg on board the Bretagne and set sail for Brest, escorted by a squadron. The Queen of England had come to Cherbourg for the purpose of paying a visit to her imperial neighbors, and this friendly meeting had been distinguished by the most imposing display.

The French squadron, under the command of Admiral Romain Desfossés, was composed of the following vessels: The Bretagne, being the flag-ship of the fleet, Commander Pothuau; the Arcole, Commander Fabre de la Maurelle; the Austerlitz, Commander Bolle; the Eylau, Commander Jaurès; the Napoléon, Commander Mazères; the Alexandre, Commander Hugueteau de Chaillé; the Donawerth, carrying the flag of the Rear-Admiral Lavaud; the Ulm, Isly, and numerous other smaller vessels.

The staff of officers in command had been carefully chosen from among the most brilliant men in the service. Most of them occupy to-day high grades in the navy; while others, like Lieutenant des Varannes, who became officer of ordnance to the Emperor in 1866, have disappeared among the shadows of distant warfare, leaving universally regretted memories and the reputation of brilliant and prematurely ended careers.

The persons who accompanied their Majesties formed a most elegant court. Among them were the Comtesse de la Bédoyère and the Comtesse de Lourmel, widow of General de Lourmel, who fell in the Crimea, ladies in waiting to the Empress, two names glorious in the records of Brittany; General Fleury, grand equerry to the Emperor; General Niel, aide-de-camp; Marquis de Chaumont Quitry, chamberlain; Baron de Bourgoing, master of the horse; Baron Morio de l'Isle, prefect of the palace; Captain Brady and Marquis de Cadore, who later left the navy to enter the diplomatic service, both being officers of ordnance; Count de Marnésia, chamberlain to the Empress; Baron de Pierres, equerry to the Empress; Doctor Jobert de Lamballe, whose popularity was very great in his own country; M. Mocquart, confidential secretary to the

Emperor; M. Hyrvoix, a specially detached officer of police whose duty it was to accompany the Emperor everywhere for the purpose of guarding his person. Besides these there was a large following of lesser persons, ushers, footmen, and servants of every kind and denomination.

The imperial visit to the western provinces, which had been anticipated for months, was an event which agitated the entire country. The town of Brest, which is situated at the extreme limit of Finistère, like a vessel ever ready to embark on the ocean which surrounds it, being at a considerable distance from the capital, had never been honored by a royal visit since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Queen Anne, of Brittany, making a pilgrimage to Folgoët, was pleased to visit her good town of Brest—then reduced to the proportions of a single, strongly-built château and a few straggling suburbs. The inhabitants were pleased to find a poetic analogy between the visit of "the good duchesse," whose legendary memory has become one of the *cultes* of the Bretons, and that of the young Empress whose advent had been preceded by a reputation for grace and benevolence calculated to recall the traditional charms of Anne of Brittany.

The day following the departure from Cherbourg, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the squadron, having safely passed the narrow entrance to the harbor, entered the roadstead of Brest.

This immense maritime lake, with its wide stretches of sandy shore and verdure-clad cliffs, formed a setting admirably disposed for the imposing scene which had been prepared for it. The huge vessels with their white, swelling sails, headed by the Bretagne, advanced in excellently arranged order, warmly welcomed by salutes from all the cannons of the port and roadstead; while the eager crowd, composed of the entire population in holiday attire, hastened to every point of view, and manned every elevation with enthusiastic swarms of people, shouting vociferous greetings to their sovereigns.

Soon the vessels came to anchor, acknowledging their ardent welcome by a heavy response from their own artillery, disappearing, as in an apotheosis, in a cloud of fire and smoke from their guns. But even before the Bretagne and its imposing escort had dropped anchor, a sumptuous craft put off from the quay, and, under the strong strokes of thirty oarsmen, approached the imperial vessel. It was a huge cutter built for Napoleon I. at the time of the voyage to Antwerp. This boat is a magnifi-

cently ornamented affair. Two gilded statues of Glory and Renown hold above the stern an awning of scarlet velvet embroidered with golden bees surmounted by the imperial crown and an eagle with spread wings, while mermaids and tritons with trumpets at their lips, grouped in a superb tableau, seem to draw over the billows this royally luxurious craft, which with its pavilions and floating standards reminded one of the triremes of Cleopatra. It was in this gorgeous yawl that the Emperor and Empress, followed by a flotilla of meaner boats, were conveyed to land.

Here they were received by M. Bizet, mayor of Brest, who, according to custom, presented them with the keys of the town. Then the imperial carriage advanced and the cortège moved away to the church of Saint Louis, where a "Te Deum" was to be chanted.

The entire town was gayly decorated with flags, banners, triumphal arches, and garlands of flowers. Draperies floated from every window, from which fell a very rain of blossoms, and it was in the midst of the wildest enthusiasm that their Majesties repaired to the naval prefecture, where, after a brief official reception, they were enabled to gain a little repose.

I was among the young girls selected to present an offering of flowers to the Empress. There had been, as usual, much jealousy and rivalry between the civic and military authorities regarding the preparations, and to satisfy each party it had been decided to make two floral presentations to their Majesties; that by the young girls of the town as the Emperor and Empress landed, and that by those of the marine service at the naval prefecture.

The Empress rapidly crossed the *salon* in which we awaited her, and paused a few moments to receive a bouquet from the hands of a child of about six or seven years, the little granddaughter of Admiral Laplace, the naval prefect of Brest. The poor baby was greatly frightened by the ceremony, and tried her best to recover herself and murmur in a half-stifled voice one or two phrases of the complimentary address which had quite escaped her young memory. The Empress stooped and embraced her, and then moved quickly on to the other apartments where her presence was being awaited.

All this passed so rapidly that I scarcely had an opportunity to see her. I did not even remark her toilet, and only preserved a confused impression of her pure brow and charming smile. Above everything else I can recall the astonishment that

this brief appearance caused me, for, by reason of long anticipation, I had expected that the moment would be one of great solemnity.

During two months an extraordinary anxiety had agitated every class of society in Brest. It had been necessary to hold twenty maternal conferences in order to decide that we should all be dressed alike in simple robes of white gauze, with crowns of violets, the imperial flower, upon our heads. Great diplomacy had been required and exercised in selecting the young girls chosen to represent the navy. The daughters of the officers were, for the most part, exceedingly pretty, and nearly all were entitled to the honor by virtue of the positions of their families. But how many little stratagems were required to accord this privilege satisfactorily!

Mme. Laplace, wife of the admiral, spent her whole time in conferences with upholsterers regarding the arrangement and furnishing of the Empress's apartments in the prefecture. How was she to divine the tastes and preferences of her Majesty? What were her favorite colors? How difficult it was to decide between the crisp freshness of muslin and the greater richness of silken hangings! As to the question of the Empress's bed, it nearly unset-

tled the good lady's reason. It appeared that she had discovered her Majesty's partiality for a particular kind of pillow. But what was this kind? Round or square, of down or hair? If the Empress did not have her usual pillows, of course, she would sleep ill, which would result in a headache, for which terrible catastrophe Mme. Laplace would never forgive herself.

However, when the Empress's suite arrived at the prefecture, one of her women of the bedchamber drew from a trunk a flat horse-hair pillow, which she placed on the royal bed, and thus put an end to Mme. Laplace's overwhelming anxiety.

In the evening, after a grand dinner, the whole town was magnificently illuminated. The *Cours d'Ajot*, that superb promenade bordered by rows of fine old trees, which commands the harbor, was one immense dome of light, and the Bretons beholding it cried out in naïve astonishment at their own handiwork: "Nemet er Baradoz, n'euz netra ebed kaeroc'h!" (If it is not Paradise, it is no less beautiful!)

The Emperor and Empress, profoundly touched by this reception whose enthusiasm seemed worthy of a purer age, mingled familiarly with the crowd of Bretons, rejoicing in the spontaneous tributes of

loyalty and admiration which were demonstrated in such a charming and ingenuous fashion.

The next day a ball was given for their Majesties. In order to accommodate the greatest possible number, the grain market had been utilized as a hall, and the immense edifice was transformed into a most sumptuous gala-place. The bare walls had completely disappeared behind huge panels of mirrors and scarlet velvet hangings; the ceiling was no longer visible, being completely shrouded by artistically arranged draperies of multicolored flags; while eight graduated tiers of seats encompassed the vast space and, adorned by hundreds of fair women in full ball costume, formed a marvelously effective bit of decorative display.

At half-past nine a loud voice announced: "The Emperor!" and in a twinkling the whole assemblage had risen, the Emperor and Empress immediately appeared, while the orchestra played the air of Queen Hortense. From that moment everything in the great hall, save one woman, was a blank to me. The fête, the people, the brilliant illumination, all vanished, and I remained completely enchanted, as if under a spell, having eyes and ears for no one else in the whole hall but the Empress, who, standing out from all the rest, seemed to me

an apparition of loveliness. The impression that I then received was so acute that, in recalling it after a lapse of so many years, the scene is as vivid to my recollection as if I had just participated in it.

The Empress wore a dress of pale blue tulle threaded with silver. Her incomparably beautiful bust and exquisitely modeled shoulders rose above its delicate folds as from a cloud, as, with a movement replete with grace and dignity, she made a sweeping, gracious bow, including the whole of the admiring, attentive throng in a long glance from her soft, luminous blue eyes.

This form of salutation, which I think quite peculiar to her Majesty, possessed an irresistible charm. It was at the same time imposing and unassuming; while evincing a consciousness of her right to the homage due a sovereign, it at the same time possessed a subtle charm which seduced all hearts by its feminine graciousness. She wore her hair drawn away from the temples and confined upon the top of the head by a diadem formed of a fretwork of diamonds. The expression of her delicate features, though exceedingly brilliant, was as pure and youthful as that of a very young girl, while about her attire there was a refinement of taste, an air of simplicity, which made the magnificent display

of jewels that covered her corsage and neck appear a most natural adornment—whereas a woman of less elegant personality would have been completely overwhelmed by such splendor.

The Empress's height was above the average; in fact, she was rather tall. Her features were very regular, and the wonderfully delicate line of her profile had well-nigh the perfection of an old cameo, besides possessing an indescribable charm, an individual fascination of most peculiar power, which made it impossible to compare her with any other woman. Her brow was high and narrow, somewhat depressed at the temples, while the line of her long, fine eyebrows was a trifle oblique; the lids, which she had a habit of frequently dropping, following the line of the brows, veiled eyes which were set rather too closely together—a marked peculiarity in the Empress's physiognomy. These eyes were of a deep, intense blue, enveloped in shadow, full of soul, energy, and sweetness; they alone would have rendered any face remarkable. The delicate nose, perfectly proportioned to its finely-cut nostrils, bespoke aristocratic descent, while the mouth was very small, with graciousness in every curve, and its lips ever animated by her irresistibly winning smile. Her teeth were brill-

iantly white; her chin delicately molded, its pure oval becoming a little fuller as it merged into the cheeks; her complexion of a clear, transparent brilliancy. Beneath the fine texture of the skin showed a tracery of blue veins, reminding one of the vaunted purple blood of the old Spanish nobility. The setting of the head upon the long, slender neck was exquisite, shoulders, bosom, and arms resembling the most perfect works of statuary art. Her figure was erect and well rounded; her hands were small and shapely; and her feet smaller than those of a twelve-year-old child. She was dignified and yet gracious of bearing, with a native distinction of manner, and a remarkably free and easy carriage; but, above all, the real secret of her incomparable charm lay, I think, in the complete harmony existing between her physical and moral being.

Such appeared to me her Majesty, the Empress Eugénie, when I first had the honor of seeing her in the radiance of her glory, in the fresh prime of her youth and exquisite beauty, adorned with all the gifts which nature and fortune could bestow, lavishly endowed with all the qualities which could ennoble a woman's soul.

In order to instruct their Majesties in a knowledge of the costumes of the country there had been

arranged a parade of Breton peasants, and immediately after the opening quadrille a procession of fifty couples defiled past the Emperor and Empress, each bearing the banner of its canton. They advanced slowly to the imperial estrade and bent in reverences as humble as if they had been made to the altar itself; then, to the sound of music, they executed their national dances, winding in and out in that slow and melancholy movement which often continues for hours at Breton festivities. This long parade of banners; the queer, rich costumes; the grave, proud bearing of the young—and for the most part handsome—men with their long, floating hair; the women in their fine and picturesque attire, who mingled grace and dignity with their native simplicity; the wild, plaintive strains of the primitive music; all this, in the midst of the brilliant glow of light and gorgeousness of setting, produced a most dramatic and unusual effect which made it easy to fancy one's self transported back to an entertainment of the middle ages.

After this curious episode the ball resumed its more conventional character. One of my relatives, M. Périer d'Hauterive, lieutenant in the navy, asked me to waltz, and we danced inside the circle formed before their Majesties by the Bretons, who

had remained to become spectators in their turn. The Empress observed me and, after regarding me attentively for a moment, drew upon me the attention of the Emperor, who asked my name. He was told that I was the granddaughter of Admiral Bouvet, the senior commanding officer of the navy.

I was not slow in noticing the attention which I had inspired, and on returning to my mother's side remarked joyously, "The Empress noticed me!"

Before leaving the ball their Majesties made the circuit of the hall, saluting every one as they passed. When they reached the spot where I was stationed the Empress stopped and was good enough to speak to me. Trembling with emotion and pleasure, I found it difficult to even command my voice sufficiently to stammer forth the most timid monosyllables.

I was far from suspecting that these few simple words, such as sovereigns have at their disposal for everybody, were to become the arbiters of my destiny.

On the morning of Thursday, the 12th of August, the Emperor and Empress left Brest, in post-carriages bearing the imperial livery, to continue their journey across Brittany, which was one tri-

umphal progress. Everywhere along their route they left pleasant testimonials of their liberality and warm interest in the country's progress and welfare.

The eagerness and cordiality of the people were overwhelming. All the horses in the country were put in requisition to follow the Emperor, and it was a by no means unusual sight to see worthy Breton *curés* following their parishioners, mingling in the tide of picturesque cavalcades, galloping bravely from one burgh to another, and serving as escort until their places should be filled by their neighbors in the next town.

On the following Sunday, the 15th of August, and the Emperor's birthday, their Majesties assisted at mass in the sanctuary of Saint Anne of Auray, between Vannes and Lorient; and on Thursday, the 19th, they arrived at Saint-Malo. The Emperor had signified his wish to see my grandfather, Admiral Bouvet, during his journey. The latter, who was then very aged, lived in great retirement at Saint-Servan, near Saint-Malo, a rival sister town; therefore it was that my father, commander of a battalion of marine infantry, hastened to my grandfather's assistance, and I obtained permission to accompany him.

Upon the Emperor's arrival, my grandfather, at the head of deputations from Saint-Servan and Saint-Malo, advanced to welcome him, and upon perceiving the old officer their Majesties paid him the honor of descending from their carriage to converse with him.

"Admiral," said the Emperor to him, "I am proud to salute one of the ever-to-be-envied heroes of our naval wars with India. I desire to see you in the Senate, and I wish to announce to you, myself, that a chair has been reserved for you there."

"Sire," my grandfather replied, "I am now only an old man; my career is finished; you need more able men to serve you. Permit me to end my days in the calm and peaceful retreat that I have chosen."

The Emperor was pleased to insist, but my grandfather remarked:

"If, sire, you indeed wish to honor my name, be so good, I beg you, as to transfer your kind intentions to my son."

Little used to seeing such favors repelled, the Emperor promised to follow my father's career, and indeed from that moment his kind interest in us never failed.

The town of Saint-Malo also tendered a ball to their Majesties, and my father accepted the hospitalities pressed upon us by his friends, in order to save me the long ride back to Saint-Servan.

In those days the question of securing carriages for a ball in a place like Saint-Malo was most perplexing. A stable-keeper who owned three or four old berlins would go from one house to another, and thus in turn conduct the fair freight to its destination. As we had arrived at Saint-Malo at the last moment, and had made no previous arrangements, the hour at which we could be accommodated was so late that I begged my father to allow me to walk—the weather being very warm and the distance trifling. But, unfortunately, just as we were about to start, a severe storm came up, accompanied by a perfect deluge of rain. In one minute the narrow streets of Saint-Malo were transformed into rivers, and it was quite out of the question to think of traversing them on foot, in evening toilet.

Moved by my disappointment and chagrin, my father made every attempt to procure some means of transportation, but all in vain. At last, having related my misfortune to an old friend, whose carriage had been placed at the disposal of half a dozen

acquaintances, she kindly took compassion on me, and offered my father a sort of chair on two wheels, which resembled a wheelbarrow, being pushed from behind by a man, and which was known in the last century as a "*vinaigrette.*" It was in this singular equipage that I was conveyed to the town hall, where the ball was held.

This time I could contemplate the Empress at my ease. I admired the grace and elegance of the Comtesse de la Bédoyère, lady in waiting, her repose of manner, and the easy way in which she replied to the Empress when, turning a little toward her, her Majesty addressed to her some remark; and I was reproaching myself for the awkwardness which had paralyzed me at Brest, when the Empress, recognizing me, indicated my position to the Emperor, who immediately approached and opened a conversation with me.

The easy accessibility, simplicity of manner, and exquisite and cordial courtesy of the Emperor can not be described; nevertheless, I remained speechless. The Empress perceived my embarrassment, she afterward told me, and, joining us, addressed me so kindly and familiarly that I began to recover myself a little. Then, for the first time, I discovered that she had a slight foreign accent, rather

English than Spanish, which made her pronunciation extremely fascinating.

Just then General Fleury approached and said a few words in an undertone to the Emperor. The Empress made me a gesture of farewell and returned to her place. A hall for dancing had been arranged in the upper story, and it had been discovered that the ceilings of the *salons* beneath threatened disaster. The constant movement above shook the timbers so greatly that the chandeliers oscillated in a really terrifying manner. A happy inspiration came to the Empress. She calmly took the Emperor's arm and, bowing gracefully to the right and left, with her charming smile, withdrew from the apartment and entered the supper-room, followed by the greater part of the assemblage.

It then became an easy matter to induce the few who remained in the *salons* to retire, and as soon as the rooms were emptied the doors were closed. The greatest danger, therefore—that of a panic—was thus easily obviated, and if the ball drew to a somewhat abrupt termination, it fortunately was not characterized by the terrible catastrophe which might have occurred.

Early the next morning their Majesties left Saint-Malo. I witnessed their departure; and the

Empress, distinguishing me amid the crowd, wafted me a kiss of adieu from her beautiful lips, which left me in a complete state of subjugation. From that moment, in the depths of my girlish heart, I vowed her an unswerving devotion, and, with my mind constantly dwelling upon her gracious notice of me, I kept myself *au courant* of all the doings of the court, deeply interested in the smallest details, and following from afar the life and well-being of her who had been to me a revelation of grace and beauty.

Yet, alas! even at that very time a crimson cloud had begun to dawn upon that fair horizon, casting upon the tender heart of that loving wife and mother, of that gentle queen crowned with the homage of a people, of that woman whose lot in life appeared so brilliant and was perhaps so greatly envied, the shadow of an ineffable anguish. In the beginning of that very year, 1858, in a concise dispatch, the "Moniteur Officiel" announced to an indignant nation the attempt of Orsini:

"PARIS, *January* 15, 1858.

"On Thursday evening, at half-past eight, just as their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, drew up at the Opera-House, three heavy explosions were

heard. A considerable number of persons standing outside the theatre and several soldiers of the escort and of the Paris guard were wounded, two fatally. Neither the Emperor nor Empress were harmed. The Emperor's hat was torn by a projectile, and General Roguet, aide-de-camp, who was seated on the box of the carriage, was slightly wounded in the neck. Two footmen were badly injured, one of the horses attached to his Majesty's carriage killed, and the vehicle badly defaced.

"On their entrance to the theatre the Emperor and Empress were received with the wildest enthusiasm, and the performance was continued. On learning of the event, their Imperial Highnesses Prince Jérôme Napoléon and Prince Napoléon, her Imperial Highness Princesse Mathilde, their Highnesses the Princes Murat, several ministers and marshals, the marshal in command of the army of Paris, the members of the diplomatic corps, the prefect of the Seine and of the police, the *procureur général* of the Parisian bar, and the *procureur impérial* hastened to their Majesties.

"Information was at once given to the *gendarmerie*, and several arrests were made. Their Majesties left the Opera at midnight. The boulevards had been spontaneously illuminated, and the route of the

Emperor and Empress was alive with a huge concourse of people, who greeted their Majesties with the most touching and enthusiastic acclamations.

"Upon their arrival at the Tuileries their Majesties found a large number of persons awaiting them, among whom were the English Ambassador, the President of the Senate, the members of the diplomatic corps, and several Senators."

What the official dispatch failed to state was the horror of that scene in the narrow street Le Peletier, where the Opera-House was then situated. The vibration of the explosion had completely extinguished the gas, and in the shroud of utter darkness, the cries of the wounded, the panic of the terrified crowd who precipitated themselves under the very feet of the horses of the guard, the confusion and excitement made up a fearful and never-to-be-forgotten experience.

The attempt had been made just as the Emperor's carriage drew up at the Opera-House. An inspector of police, thinking that their Majesties must have been injured, and fearing further explosions, hastened to open the door. The Emperor, not recognizing him, and seeing a man, as it were, rushing upon him, believed him to be an assassin

who had taken advantage of the general confusion to kill him, and dealt him a vigorous blow with his fist which sent the poor man rolling in the gutter.

"I am quite reassured," said the unfortunate inspector, as he picked himself up.

The Empress hurriedly followed the Emperor from the carriage. Her cheek was bleeding from a cut made by a piece of broken glass, and her white satin gown was stained with blood.

Their Majesties owed their salvation to the over-anxiety of the regicides, whose intention had defeated itself by loading the bombs with such an immense quantity of dynamite that instead of accomplishing their deadly mission by properly exploding they had, in bursting, been pulverized into very powder. The Empress still preserves the hat which the Emperor wore that night. It appears scarcely defaced, but upon holding it up to the light one can see that it is pierced by a thousand tiny holes, as if it had sustained a charge of small shot.

The Empress retained her calmness in a wonderful degree, and when she appeared in the royal box she smiled her thanks to the audience in her usual sweet manner, acknowledging in queenly fashion the ovation which was intended as much for her as

for the Emperor. Yet a horrible anxiety was torturing her meanwhile, not to be quelled until an emissary returned from the Tuileries to assure her that nothing had been attempted against her child. Her first thought, a natural one to a mother, had been that the life of the Prince Imperial might also have been menaced; and those moments of agonized uncertainty, when she sat with a forced smile curving her lips, were her most painful memory of that whole dreadful evening.

Perhaps the still vivid impression of that dark episode contributed to make the Empress value more highly the sincere and spontaneous ovations which she experienced from the worthy Bretons. Certainly, from that time, even after receiving numberless manifestations, her Majesty always retained a tender recollection of her travels through Brittany, ever recalling with emotion the cordial reception that she had there met with.

II.

The ten following years carried France to the apogee of its glory. Ten years of wise and moderate administration, of devotion to the best interests of the country, gave to the empire a strength which the disaffected despaired of undermining; and on all sides the imperial government won to itself adherents from the vacillating and doubtful anti-royalists, most of whom had held aloof, either because they cherished a secret hope of an overthrow of power which should give the administration into their hands, or because they desired to see the policy of the Emperor bear fruit before subscribing to it.

Immense undertakings, directed with skill and wisdom, with an artistic taste which few periods of our history have left similar evidences of, transformed the capital. Throughout France there arose in the various towns fine edifices, hospitals and palaces; railroads, docks, and wharves were

continually being built, distributing our commercial products throughout the world. An unexampled impetus was given to all the great industries. France was becoming the financial center of the world, and French investments were spreading throughout every quarter of the globe, testifying to the prosperity and glory of the nation.

The Emperor had devoted his life to the study of modern social problems. He was passionately French in feeling, loved the people as a father loves his children, and their sufferings were acutely shared by him. Believing in the theory that great crimes are the outcome of great suffering, he regarded misery as a hideous, all-devouring monster, which must be fought at every point and by every possible means. He applied himself to the development of philanthropic enterprises and humanitarian ideas, inspired in all his efforts by the great suggestion that "Providence often reserves to one human being the privilege of being the instrument of salvation of the many." A wondrous benevolence, "that virtue of grand souls," was the dominating trait in the Emperor's character, and he would fain have spread it like a mantle over all who suffered, individuals as well as nations.

When, at the close of his life, heart-broken at

the evils under which his beloved country was laboring, seeing the curse of war and revolution united in triumph over himself alone, the Emperor had the wretched misfortune to survive all these disasters, he must at least have had the mournful satisfaction of feeling, amid all his calamities, that he had given to France the means of rescue, that he had fashioned for her the key to liberate herself, had instilled into her veins the power of life and self-sustenance, which should one day cause her to regain her rank among nations.

Even as early as the close of 1858 it was easy to predict war with Austria. The marriage of a princess of the house of Savoy, the Princesse Clotilde, with Prince Napoléon, the nearest relative of the Emperor, celebrated in January, 1859, paved the way to an alliance with Piedmont. In May war was declared, and the Emperor took command of the army in Italy. Military history describes the active part which the Emperor played throughout the campaign. A people delivered from foreign oppression hailed our soldiers victors, dragging themselves on their knees in gratitude after their liberator, who traversed Italy under a shower of flowers.

Nice and Savoy were the trophies which the

Emperor affixed to the imperial crown in memory of this conquest.

On the 14th of the following August, Paris celebrated the return of our troops with all the pride and intoxication of triumph. The words uttered by the Emperor at the banquet at which he assembled about him the chiefs of the army of Italy are, from the lips of a victorious sovereign, a model of dignity, wisdom, and moderation. They are worthy of repetition.

"Gentlemen," said the Emperor, "the pleasure which I experience in finding myself again with the majority of the chiefs of the Italian army would be quite complete were it not clouded by the regret of feeling that so well organized and excellent a force is about to disband. As sovereign and general-in-chief, I thank you again for the confidence you have reposed in me. It was most flattering to me, who have never before commanded an army, to find such ready obedience on the part of those who have had such a vast experience of warfare. If success has crowned our efforts, I am proud to attribute it in great measure to those devoted and experienced generals who rendered my command easy, owing to the fact that, animated by the sacred fire of patriotism, they presented to the

army a heroic example of duty and contempt of death.

"Part of our soldiers are about to go home to their firesides; you, also, will soon return to a life of peace. Nevertheless, do not forget what we have experienced together. Let the recollection of obstacles surmounted, of perils escaped, of faults retrieved, return often to your remembrance; for to every soldier past experience is part of the very science of war.

"In commemoration of the Italian campaign I am about to distribute medals to all the participants, and I wish that you here to-day shall be the first to wear them. May they often recall me to your thoughts, and in reading the glorious names traced upon them let each say to himself, 'If France has done thus much for a friendly neighbor, what will she not do for her own independence?' I propose a toast to the army."

Maréchal MacMahon was created Duc de Magenta, in memory of the victory which we had so fortunately acquired; and the Emperor granted a full and entire amnesty to all the politically condemned. The close of 1859 and the beginning of 1860 were devoted to diplomatic negotiations which established the new constitution of united Italy.

At the request of the Emperor, Prince Metternich arrived in Paris as ambassador from Austria. It was a very important post for so young a man, the prince being scarcely thirty. He had made his *début* in the service in Paris in 1852, and had left behind him the pleasantest recollections. He was accompanied by his young wife, *née* Comtesse Pauline Chandor, that wondrously brilliant and popular woman whose elegance, grace, and wit have been so often quoted.

The Princesse de Metternich left in Parisian society a memory which never will be effaced, and which was for many years unequaled by that of any other woman. It is a difficult task to meddle with so renowned a personality. The name of the Princesse de Metternich has been handled by every chronicler of the court. She has even been the target for fiercely passionate criticisms, but, like the salamander that traverses the flames unscathed, the Princesse de Metternich, with her uncommon and exquisite self-command and the lofty dignity of her life, has gone through the fire of criticism and malicious exaggeration without scorching one of the feathers of her snowy wings.

In Parisian society, which has for some time assumed a cosmopolitan character, in which all doors

are opened to any who may present themselves bearing the smallest credentials of birth, fortune, or talent, a certain austerity has been adopted, owing to the partial fusion of *salons* wherein one meets but few persons of one's acquaintance among the many guests. People show themselves very easily shocked if a person at all *en vue* deviates in the least from the conventionalities. This is not the case in other lands, where class distinctions are very plainly marked, and therefore much less numerous, and where alliances within the charmed circles are constantly cementing an exclusive and general intimacy of relationship.

The Princesse de Metternich, quite recently married, had made a brilliant *entrée* in Viennese society, where she had been treated like a spoiled child. She arrived in Paris with a marked originality of manner, a certain disdain of fashion, and a readiness of repartee to which we were not accustomed. She was an easy prey for reporters in search of material, and they did not spare her. The critical ability of persons who never appeared at court was exercised upon her, and, aided by maliciousness and envy, they freely reported and discussed, at her expense, eccentricities of which she never was guilty. Thus about the name of the

Princesse de Metternich was woven a legend which she was possibly wrong in disdaining to correct at the time, but to which later years have done justice.

Many portraits have been painted of the princess. I do not know whether her mouth was too large or her lips were too full, whether the arch of her nostrils gave to her nose a curious and unusual curve, or whether the contour of her face was irregular; but surely nothing could have been more agreeable than the *ensemble* of this mobile and *spirituelle* face, lighted by its two great, laughing brown eyes. When it can be said of a woman, as it was of Mme. de Metternich, "She is charmingly ugly," it must be that she is possessed of wonderful powers of fascination. One of her portraits, painted by Winterhalter, and extraordinarily like her, is really pretty.

From the tips of her little feet to the roots of her ruddy chestnut hair, in all her gestures and movements, she was unmistakably *grande dame*. And even when carried beyond herself by the animation of her gay spirit, by pleasure, and the very joyousness of her exuberant youthfulness, she surprised the world with an outburst of her singular originality, whether it took the form of comedy, in which she excelled, or that of a gay *fête* which she

alone possessed the secret power of improvising in a manner that delighted all participants, yet throughout all she ever remained *grande dame* to the end of her finger-tips.

When the Princesse de Metternich entered the Tuileries ball-room, with her tall, slender, almost thin figure, her shoulders bared very low, her brow scintillating with diamonds, and her long, trailing skirts, it was impossible to imagine a more distinguished-looking person or a more aristocratic bearing. She possessed that inimitable air of breeding which is bestowed by birth and rearing. She was indeed an ambassadress worthy to represent a great country. Even in the way her head rested on her slender neck there was a suggestion of the heroine capable of dying in a noble cause.

Once, at Compiègne, she spoke to me in glowing terms of her admiration and attachment for the Empress.

"I would like," she said, "to be her Princesse de Lamballe."

"More than one Frenchwoman," I replied, "would covet that honor."

How little we thought then that the dark traditions of history were to be more than equaled in our own experience!

Much has been said of the intimacy of the Princesse de Metternich at the Tuileries. With the exception of *fêtes* at Paris, Compiègne, or Fontainebleau, and formal audiences, which were of rare occurrence, I never saw Mme. de Metternich with the Empress. Her Majesty had a great sympathy for this fascinating woman. She admired her brilliant mind, and conversed familiarly with her when state or social occasions brought them together; but the Empress was intimate with no one. Excepting her young cousin, Princesse Anna Murat, since become Duchesse de Mouchy, of whom the Empress was particularly fond, no woman besides her ladies in waiting — at least unless the circumstance was very singular—was received unceremoniously at the Tuileries.

It was a requirement of court etiquette which the Empress sometimes regretted, envying often the freedom and independence which other women exercise in their private relations of life. But it was a necessary barrier, and the Empress herself recognized it as such, and felt the wisdom of a partial isolation from her sex which obviated many possible situations of an inconvenient character.

The natural attraction which one feels for a woman as agreeable as the Princesse de Metter-

nich, has been confounded with relations which would place her upon a footing of special and peculiar intimacy with the Empress — a condition of things which had no existence. The Princesse de Metternich has been blamed for furnishing the court with an example of unbridled extravagance in dress and Sybaritish luxury of living. Where, then, is there a young and wealthy woman of high position who does not love to adorn herself? and is it not expected of people of elevated station that they shall live brilliantly? If other less fortunate women had been guilty of the weakness of trying to rival the elegance and variety of the princess's toilets, they must have failed through lack of her intelligence and exquisite taste, for such qualities are beyond the possibility of acquirement.

In her style of dressing she showed a distinctly foreign originality. She sent to Vienna for many of her dresses, but generally she collaborated with Worth, the great milliner whose taste and skill amount to positive genius, who sets the fashion and makes of dressmaking a fine art.

Every year she had her diamonds reset, thus giving to her ornaments an infinite variety of shape and design. Her horses and carriages, her livery of black and yellow—the Austrian colors—were unex-

ceptionable, and no one could have excelled her in managing and ordering her household. Her *hôtel* in the Rue de Varennes was on a footing of the most refined elegance. She was benevolent, and helped all who appealed to her with discrimination and kindness, and, notwithstanding the constant demands of society upon her time, the greater part of her life was devoted to her family duties.

Immediately upon her arrival in Paris the princess selected for herself a circle of acquaintances, bestowing an equally cordial greeting upon the butterflies of society and persons eminent in politics and art. Despite every change of time or circumstance, she remained faithful to her friends, leaving behind her, at the time of her departure from Paris in 1870, a host of pleasant memories and warm attachments.

She possessed the rare and charming faculty of animating and enlivening any company in which she might appear by the mere power of her strong individuality. At Compiègne, where she passed several days every year, she was the very soul of the circle of guests, interesting herself in everything, scattering broadcast the sparkling jewels of her wit and gayety, captivating old and young alike

by her play of fancy, which was by turns serious or lively, but never vulgar or malicious.

It was the annual custom for the court to spend the 15th of November, the Empress's birthday, at Compiègne, where among themselves the guests took part in charades or some unpublished comedy, or arranged *tableaux vivants*. The Princesse de Metternich excelled in this species of amusement, whose preparations were conducted with a great show of mystery to which the Empress lent herself with ready complacency.

One year Watteau's "Déjeuner Champêtre" was chosen for representation, and the princess undertook the distribution of characters and costumes. The Duchesse de Persigny was to take part in it, but, disliking the costume chosen for her, she declared that she would wear what she chose and appear with her hair undressed. The blonde locks of Mme. de Persigny were of a remarkable beauty.

"I want people to see my hair," she said, with that little lisp of hers which always made her speech sound childish.

"But it is impossible," declared Mme. de Metternich. "You must, on the contrary, wear a small coiffure high on your head and powdered."

"No," replied Mme. de Persigny, stubbornly;

"we are doing this for our own amusement, and it amuses me to wear my hair down."

"Very well, then, if you won't do like the rest of us, don't take part in the tableau at all," said Mme. de Metternich.

At last, thoroughly exasperated by Mme. de Persigny's obstinacy, the princess went to the Empress and related the whole affair, begging her to use her influence with Mme. de Persigny.

The Empress took the matter as a good joke.

"Let her do it," she advised. "It will be at least a novelty which may prove amusing."

"No, no," repeated the princess, in disgust; "she will spoil the whole thing."

"But, see, my dear princess," said the Empress, soothingly, "what actual harm can come of it? She will be pretty enough under any circumstances. I would not quarrel with her for so simple a cause. Indulge her whim. Poor Madame de Persigny! You know her mother is mad."

"Ah! her mother is mad, is she?" returned the princess, beside herself with anger. "Well, my father is mad, too, and I will not yield any more than she."

Indeed, the Comte Chandor, who had been passionately fond of horses and who was considered

the best rider in Europe, had met with so many accidents that his mind had become completely wrecked. Some one had collected an album containing about fifty pictures representing the various equestrian performances of the Comte Chandor, and after seeing them one only wondered that he had come out of them alive.

The Princesse de Metternich was not only charming, but, beneath a somewhat worldly and frivolous exterior, she possessed a keen and ready intelligence. Thoroughly delightful and distinguished, she exercised a great influence over her husband, who held her in high esteem.

From the manner in which the Austrian embassy to Paris was then conducted, I should judge that the post might again be filled by the Prince and Princesse de Metternich with honor to the present administration. The princess is one of those rare women who would be a power even among the political parties of the present time.

Prince Richard de Metternich was a perfect type of a grand foreign seignior. Very tall, with a somewhat heavily molded face, of which the features, however, were very handsome, and a long blonde beard, his manners were of the most polished description and his attitude toward the fair sex most

gallant and charming. He was a superb musician, and his touch was so finished and powerful that when he took his place at the piano to play his favorite waltzes or German melodies, one would almost have thought himself listening to a full orchestra.

Owing to a splendid uprightness of character, he was enabled to fulfill the most delicate diplomatic tasks with unfailing honor and credit. He it was upon whom the Empress conferred the honor of conducting her from the Tuileries on the ever memorable 4th of September.

After the war of 1870 he left the service. He and his wife pass part of the year at Vienna, where they occupy a high position, and the rest upon their very extensive estates in Bohemia. The princess makes only flying visits to Paris. In encountering her bright, charming glance and her winning smile one forgets that she is a grandmother, and their spell is potent to resurrect a vanished, delightful past and to people it with long-departed but forever-living personages.

III.

In the month of August, 1860, the Emperor and Empress paid a visit to the newly annexed provinces of France.

Aix, Annecy, Chambéry, and Nice vied with each other in fêting the sovereign and his consort.

The Empress made an excursion to that magnificent part of the Alps which she had never seen—Chamounix, the *Mer de Glace.* Then, returning through the south of France, their Majesties stopped at Marseilles in order to take possession of the château which that city had offered to the Emperor—the same which some years since the Empress gave back to the city for the purpose of founding a hospital. Thence their Majesties went to Toulon and embarked on the imperial yacht L'Aigle for a voyage to Corsica and Algeria.

It was in the midst of this really triumphal progress that the Empress was afflicted by the first great sorrow of her life. Her oldest sister, the

Duchesse d'Albe, suffering from an incurable malady, had been for some time gradually failing. The seriousness of her condition had been concealed from the Empress, who was devotedly fond of her; but of a sudden the disease made such rapid strides that death supervened before the duchess could summon her absent sister to bid her farewell.

The sad tidings awaited the Empress's arrival at Algiers. In order to break the news gradually to her Majesty, who never suspected that her sister's life was in actual danger, she was at first informed of the grave nature of the duchess's illness. She besought the Emperor to return at once to Paris; but this was impossible, as the whole town was *en fête.*

From the most distant parts of the country the inhabitants and Arab chiefs had hastened to do honor to the imperial visitors. A grand ball was in preparation, to countermand which would have been to provoke a feeling of profound dissatisfaction. Heroically concealing her breaking heart, the Empress suppressed her own feelings to take part in the festivities. On leaving the ball she learned the truth. She still clung to the hope of seeing once more, even in death, the form of her whom she had

so tenderly cherished, and consequently the Emperor changed his plans, and quitting Africa almost, one might say, before their feet had touched its soil, they embarked in haste and returned to France.

On arriving at Saint-Cloud, the Empress found that she was too late. The obsequies had already taken place and all was ended. Her grief was uncontrollable.

The Duchesse d'Albe, who died at the age of thirty-five, was a most adorable woman. All who knew her united in praise of her grace and gentleness, her affectionate and playful humor, and her personal fascination. Her style of beauty was quite unlike that of the Empress. She was a brunette, with a slighter figure and more pronounced features than those of her sister. Her face had far less individuality than that of the Empress, although in its shape and expression and in her general bearing there was a very marked resemblance.

The Duchesse d'Albe was the oldest daughter of the Comte de Montijo, of the Spanish branch of the Guzmans, natives of Granada, and his wife, the Comtesse de Montijo, *née* Kirkpatrick, who was of Irish extraction. At eighteen she married the Duc d'Albe, a descendant of the Stuarts through Maré-

chal de Berwick, in recognition of whose services the title of Duc d'Albe had been revived.

The young duchess was one of the greatest ladies in Spain, and she enjoyed at the court of Isabella all the prerogatives that attach to her rank in an aristocratic and pre-eminently punctilious country. She lived at Madrid in a truly royal palace, where even now one may see collected the most marvelous and costly productions of ancient art. Her establishment was conducted on a princely scale. She had herself directed the restoration of the palace with infinite taste and artistic feeling. She had among other things planned and superintended the renewing of the inlaid floors, reproducing in their marquetry with infinite exactitude the designs of the paneled ceilings in the corresponding rooms.

The Duchesse d'Albe left three children, a boy and two girls. Her son, the present Duc d'Albe, married the daughter of the Duc de Fernan-Nunez, who was at one time ambassador to Paris. Her eldest daughter is Duchesse de Tamamès; but the youngest, an exceedingly lovely girl, died at the age of twenty, only a few months after her marriage to the Duc de Medina-Cœli, who was himself killed, while hunting, shortly after.

Since her happy childhood, the Empress had experienced of life nothing but its greatest favors, and she preserved the illusions of those who have never suffered any irreparable misfortunes, and who regard trouble as a rare and scarcely comprehended evil. All at once she received a cruel and unexpected blow.

Her sister had been her beloved and devoted companion, her sole confidante, the loyal spirit whose communion we all crave as a means of support in the perplexities of life. How much more weighty are these perplexities to those of exalted rank! She formed the bond which united her Majesty to her happy youth, to former memories, to home and her native land. Above all, she was the asylum to which the Empress could fly daily for refuge from the wearisome constraint and exigencies of her position.

Princesses reared in the strict atmosphere of court life continue in their element when they mount the throne. The honors and formalities by which they are surrounded, and which exact a perpetual restraint upon their nature, become, by force of habit and education, a necessary and natural part of life. But when one has been brought up, like the Empress, to enjoy all the independence which

rank and fortune can confer; when one has been wont to freely select one's friends and associates, to plan one's amusements; when one has been used to exercising the right which pertains to all women—excepting those of royal station—of enjoying a perfectly untrammeled freedom in the arrangement of the private and by far most precious affairs of life, it requires great strength of character, a firm self-control, a wonderful recognition of duty, to subject all one's tastes, predilections, and actions to reasons of state. And when, besides all this, a woman has been severed from home and friends, from all the tender associations of childhood, like an imprisoned bird, she feels, notwithstanding the gorgeous gilding of the cage, the constraint and confinement of the wires. One wearies terribly soon of a life of show and luxury. It is an onerous task to be constantly on parade. One becomes only too quickly indifferent to all but the burden; and it is, I think, easier than those who covet grandeur suppose, to accommodate one's self to a humble and modest life after an existence weighted with the cares and obligations of wealth.

In these days there is no *rôle* more difficult than that of sovereign; and I do not allude to that of France alone. By the side of every sovereign of

Europe there appears the apprehensive face of a wife and mother, who leans tremblingly above her child's cradle, ever on the watch to protect with outstretched arms a menaced husband. We see these royal women appearing bravely at *fêtes*, with an equivocal smile curving their pale lips, and later we hear of them fleeing their palaces to seek a temporary place in some quiet retreat. We no longer have the princesses of old, whom the legends describe as joyous of life and glorying in their reigns. Rather it would seem that we have the phantom of an expiring monarchy, watching mournfully over its tomb. Were melancholy to be banished from the world we should yet find it haunting the steps of a throne.

Before her marriage, the Empress, then Comtesse de Teba, had left Spain for a few months every year, and, accompanied by her mother, the Comtesse de Montijo, had paid a visit to friends either in France or England. It was on one of these occasions—in 1852—at a ball at the Élysée, that the Emperor, then President of the Republic, first saw his wife.

The great beauty of the young Comtesse de Teba, together with her brilliant and clever mind, made the most profound impression upon the

Prince-President, and immediately effaced every other feminine influence from his heart.

The Emperor was devotedly and sincerely fond of his wife, whose grace and beauty were heightened by every lovely quality of mind and soul and by the irresistible attractiveness of an exceptionally lofty spirit.

Prince Louis Napoléon was not indifferent to the fact that luxury and display go far toward a successful exercise of power, and had organized a court of which the military element was the basis, and which reassembled about him the society which had been dispersed by the revolutionary movement of the preceding years.

The estates of the crown recovered their former glory, and after the court retired from the Élysée, where the President had mingled English comfort with French elegance, the palace at Compiègne in the hunting season became the scene of renewed festivities, which seemed like the resurrection of a departed life.

The Comtesse de Montijo and the Comtesse de Teba were invited thither among other guests. Every attention which propriety and good taste permitted a woman in Mlle. de Montijo's position to receive, the Prince-President, profoundly *épris*,

lavished upon the fair stranger, and soon among the numerous company gathered at Compiègne nothing was discussed but the Prince's romance. At once gossip arranged a marriage between them.

It was said then, and has since been often repeated, that skill and tact had much to do with the Emperor's decision, and that the well-acted indifference and reticence of the Comtesse de Teba, who had cleverly calculated their effect upon an inflamed heart, triumphed over the hesitation of the future sovereign.

This gossip, emanating from sufficiently low sources, was doubtless accredited by many of those whose ruling motives are pleasure or self-interest and whose scruples are only limited by their caprice or ambition.

The life of the Empress, the universal respect she inspired, and which even the most infamous pamphlets—the bitter and demoralizing fruits of a revolutionary epoch—have not been able to diminish, and which sheds to-day the sole ray of brightness upon her sorrow-clouded exile, would be sufficient reply to these calumnious imputations if they merited notice.

Like all men of ardent and sensitive natures, the

Emperor, amid the various events of his life, had undoubtedly frequently succumbed to the temptation of facile pleasures. When he met the Comtesse de Teba he was hesitating as to whether he should make a purely political union; but seeing in her a companion capable of conferring happiness as well as adorning a throne, he came to a rapid decision, and immediately offered her the honor of sharing his destiny.

It was the very eve of a political transformation. The resurrected empire seemed destined under the powerful dominion of popular excitement to bring forth a new era. The uncertain and indefinite powers with which the nation had invested the Prince-President were continually undermined and nullified by the schemes, ambitions, and jealousies that an incomplete constitution could not control; and the Emperor plainly saw that he must be more strongly equipped before he could introduce into the country the reform and progress of which he had dreamed.

When, therefore, he had been accepted by Mlle. de Montijo as her *fiancé*, he said to her:

"We are on the brink of great changes, and I do not wish to involve you in the risks which I am about to run. Return to Spain, and when

my fate is decided we will be united. Fortune will smile upon me, indeed, if she leads me to you."

"Whatever happens," replied Mlle. de Montijo, "I will be your wife. If Fortune betrays you, come and join me in my own country. We shall be entirely independent there, and perhaps much happier than upon a throne."

But Fate decided otherwise.

The Comtesse de Teba left France wearing a simple gold ring on her finger and a pin which represented a four-leafed clover of emeralds surrounded by brilliants. She had drawn it in a lottery organized by the Emperor at Compiègne, and until his Majesty's death she always wore it every evening amid her other jewels, no matter what her *parure* might be composed of. Some years after the Emperor's death the Empress lightened her heavy mourning a little, fearing that her deep weeds might sadden her son's young life, although even then she wore no colored gems; but, considering this first gift of the Emperor as a pledge of her life's happiness, she could not refrain from regarding it with a certain amount of superstition. Therefore, on the day of the departure of the Prince Imperial for Zululand, the Empress again pinned on

the emerald clover-leaf, and wore it conscientiously until the unhappy 19th of June.

After the death of her son there remained no place in the Empress's sorely afflicted heart for human hope to lodge in, and one day at Chiselhurst she gave this trinket to the Duchesse de Mouchy, saying:

"I long considered it a happy talisman; it is my dearest relic, and I dislike to feel that it has been abandoned. Wear it every evening in memory of us. May it be to you a pledge of happiness and tender friendship."

Faithful to the idea which her sympathetic heart was fully capable of comprehending, the Duchesse de Mouchy wears reverently the precious jewel. This little mystic symbol, witness of all the changing emotions of girl, wife, and motherhood, this little clover-leaf has presided over the destinies of these three conditions of life, which have each in turn faded away, leaving behind them a legacy of noble and poignant memories. Through such changing and diverse fortunes its imperishable brilliancy has known no diminution.

The Empress loved the Emperor intensely. The greatness of a nature so full of strength and gentleness, the successful achievements of the princely

heir to the greatest name in our history, who, notwithstanding all the reverses and buffets of fortune, had yet been able to conquer fate and return as master to the land which had exiled him, were sufficient to seduce the imagination of a romantic nature such as that of this true daughter of the land of Quixote.

The empire having been proclaimed on the 10th of December, 1852, in consequence of a *plébiscite* which returned six million votes in its favor, the Emperor, faithful to his agreement, announced his marriage to the great body of the nation in the following terms ("Moniteur" of January 23d, 1853):

"GENTLEMEN: I am about to gratify the desire so often manifested by the nation, by announcing to you my approaching marriage. The union which I am about to contract is not in accordance with the traditions of ancient policy, which fact I consider greatly to its advantage. [Sensation.]

"France, owing to her successive revolutions, has abruptly severed herself from the rest of Europe, and it should be the aim of every sensible administration to aid in restoring her to the fellowship of the old monarchies. But this result will be much more surely attained by pursuing a frank and hon-

orable policy and by scrupulous exactness in our transactions than by royal alliances which create false securities and often sacrifice national interest to private aggrandizement. [Applause.] Besides, past examples have left superstitious associations in the public mind. It has not forgotten that for the last seventy years foreign princesses have mounted the steps of the throne only to see their families dispersed or proscribed by war or revolution. [Profound sensation.] One woman alone has seemed to bring good fortune with her and to outlive all the rest in the public memory, and she, the noble, admirable wife of General Bonaparte, was not descended from royal blood. [Applause and loud cries of 'Long live the Emperor!']

"But it must be remembered that, in 1810, the marriage of Napoléon I. with Marie-Louise was a great event. It was a guarantee for the future, a satisfaction to national pride, to see the old and illustrious house of Austria, with whom we had so long been at warfare, seek an alliance with the chief administrator of a new empire. On the other hand, was not the pride of the last reign forced to suffer bitter humiliation in seeing the heir of the crown vainly solicit for several years the alliance of a royal house, only to obtain at last the hand of

a princess who, though doubtless accomplished, was yet of secondary rank and of different religion?

"When we confront the old world with a force of a new principle which has lifted us to equal power with the most conservative dynasties, we can not impose ourselves upon its notice and acceptance by endeavoring to give an ancient appearance to our new coat of arms, or by seeking at all costs to ally ourselves with royal blood. Far better shall we succeed by continually recalling our origin, by keeping our character unblemished, and by frankly assuming, in the sight of all Europe, the position of *parvenu*, a glorious title when it has been bestowed by the suffrages of a great people. [Unanimous applause.]

"Therefore, in failing to adhere to established precedents, which have been heretofore closely imitated, my marriage becomes purely a private affair, and may be guided solely by personal predilections. The object of my choice is of high birth. French in heart and education and by the memory of the blood which her father shed in the empire's cause, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of having no family in France upon whom it would be necessary to confer honors and dignities. Endowed with the noblest qualities of the soul, she will adorn the throne, as in the hour of danger she would coura-

geously support it; Catholic and devout, she will address the same prayers to Heaven that I do for the welfare and glory of France; gracious and benevolent, she will, I firmly believe, reproduce, in the same position, the noble virtues of the Empress Josephine. [Prolonged applause and shouts of 'Long live the Emperor! Long live the Empress!']

"I am here, therefore, gentlemen, to say to France: 'I have preferred a woman whom I love to one whose alliance would have been of doubtful benefit to the country. Without being obliged to decline any proposals, I have simply followed my own inclinations, but not until I had first well consulted my reason and convictions. Finally, in placing independence, nobility of character, and domestic welfare above the dictates of dynasties and ambitious calculations, I feel that I shall not grow less strong since I shall be much more independent. [Loud applause.]

"I shall very soon, at Notre-Dame, present the Empress to the people and the army. The confidence that they have shown in me assures their sympathy in my choice; and you, gentlemen, as you learn to know her, will, I am convinced, believe that on this occasion I have indeed been in-

spired by Providence. [The hall fairly resounded with loud and prolonged applause.]"

On the 30th of January, 1853, the marriage was celebrated at Notre-Dame with truly royal magnificence, and the Comtesse de Teba became Empress of France. As in the touching biblical story of Esther, so in her case, grace and beauty procured a throne for the young Empress.

A Spanish tradition has it that the pearls with which brides adorn themselves on their wedding-days become the symbol of tears which they must shed during their married life. The Empress, scorning the superstition, wore on that day a superb collar of incomparably beautiful pearls which almost concealed her satin corsage. Alas! the tradition was but too truly fulfilled! This collar was sold, among her other jewels, by her Majesty after the war

The little château of Villeneuve-l'Étang, which still stands in the park at Saint-Cloud, had been prepared for the reception of the imperial couple, and it was there, surrounded by a small circle of their nearest friends, that the Emperor and Empress passed the first days of their union. Happiness loves solitude and oblivion.

On the day following their nuptials, the 31st of January, in the brilliant wintry sunshine, the Emperor and Empress, alone, in a phaeton driven by his Majesty himself, traversed the rime-decorated woods of Saint-Cloud and Ville-d'Avray to visit Versailles. The Empress desired to see Trianon and to recall on the spot that period in the life of the ill-fated Queen Marie-Antoinette when she was yet a happy young wife.

By virtue of a mysterious affinity the Empress had always indulged an almost reverent worship for the royal martyr. By her order a collection was made at Trianon of all the articles which had belonged to the Queen; and it is due to her interest that the museum of souvenirs, which still exists, was formed.

Knowing the Empress's fancy for everything connected with the memory of Marie-Antoinette, some one sent her from Austria a most singular portrait. It was a large, full-length picture of the dauphine before her marriage, when she was about fourteen years old. Notwithstanding her extreme youth, one could already divine a foreshadowing of the grace and beauty of the Queen. Her arm was raised, and she was pointing with a slender forefinger to her neck, around which was tied; after the

fashion of the time, a narrow red ribbon which looked almost like a circle of blood. The childish face, the laughing, innocent expression, the seemingly prophetic gesture indicating the crimson line, gave a thrilling and tragic character to the portrait.

The Emperor never ceased to love the Empress deeply and intensely. To the very close of his life, she and her son were alone the objects of his real affection and tenderness. Under all circumstances he was ever kind and loving to her, always addressing her with the familiar "thou" and calling her by her diminutive, which he pronounced in a peculiar manner, suppressing the *e* mute of the first syllable, with an infinite sweetness of accent. In his manner of looking at her, in the charm her beauty exercised upon him, in his familiar and caressing attitude toward her, one could discern that the lover still existed by the side of the husband.

Nevertheless, after eight years of wedded life, the Empress had already experienced more than one conjugal affront. The Emperor, yielding to his former easy indulgence in unworthy pleasures, and influenced by the laxity of morals in those by whom he was surrounded, did not always sufficiently consider her sensitiveness as queen and woman. In the very height of her youth and beauty she was

made to taste the subtle poison of infidelity, which corrupts the most delicate and secret sensibilities of a woman's heart.

After abandoning himself to these temporary distractions, one of which gained such unhappy notoriety, the Emperor, who, like most men, attached no importance to these passing caprices, always seemed surprised that they had troubled his wife, since she alone occupied a really important and honored place in his life.

A sister's friendship had supported the Empress during these trials. The Duchesse d'Albe, with her sweet, gentle disposition, was the sole comforter of her Majesty, whose ardent nature magnified tenfold the bitterness of her sufferings. She it was who helped her to rise above her troubles and to find courage to pardon their cause.

After the death of the duchess the Empress for the first time experienced the isolation of greatness; and she remained for a long time completely abandoned to grief and buried in her mourning, having no heart to throw off her affliction and resume her worldly duties. Even her health suffered, and the physicians strongly urged the Emperor to send her on a journey, hoping that change of scene might create an alteration in her unhappy condition.

The Empress therefore went to Scotland, where she remained several weeks. She returned improved in spirits and ready to resume the duties of life, but she had been irremediably assailed by melancholy. Dating from this time a marked change took place in her Majesty's tastes and habits. It seemed that her youth had quite vanished, while the consciousness of her rank, hitherto scarcely discernible, was now plainly visible on the ever-charming features of the grief-matured woman.

IV.

Immediately upon his marriage, the Emperor, imitating the example furnished by the court of Napoleon I., set about forming the household of the Empress.

The Princesse d'Essling, daughter-in-law of Masséna and daughter of General Debelle, was created grand mistress of the household. Pretty and refined in appearance, with an exceedingly lofty manner, though small in stature, the Princesse d'Essling occupied throughout the entire duration of the empire the highest position in her Majesty's service. Scrupulously particular regarding her dignity, she never went out unless she rode in state.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th of September, as she was on her way to the Empress, her ponderous coach, lined with white satin, was stopped by the crowd which had assembled about the Tuileries, and which forced her to turn back. She was the sort of woman to mount the

steps of the scaffold with dignity, like the ladies of Marie-Antoinette's court.

She seemed, on first acquaintance, somewhat stiff and formal, but was in reality extremely kind-hearted and intelligent. After the war, being old and feeble, she withdrew almost entirely from social activity; but the number of friends who still clung to her and who remained her faithful adherents proved the high esteem in which she was held.

The Duchesse de Bassano, wife of the Emperor's high chamberlain, received the title of lady of honor, and six ladies in waiting were selected from the friends to whom the Empress had been particularly attached before her marriage.

In a large picture, painted by Winterhalter, the Empress is represented surrounded by these ladies. The group is marked by great natural dignity and elegance; and though the costumes appear to-day old-fashioned, yet they are not without grace, while the resemblance of the painted faces to the originals is exceedingly strong and lifelike. This picture was hung at Fontainebleau at the entrance of the Chinese *salon*.

The ladies in waiting were the Vicomtesse Aguado, Marquise de las Marismas, whose exquisite beauty was enhanced by a grace and fascination

which succeeding years have been powerless to efface. Hers was one of the most elegant houses in Paris, and her *hôtel* in the Rue de l'Élysée was the rendezvous of the best French society. Very select entertainments were held there, and foreign princes visiting Paris coveted the privilege of frequenting her house, where everything was calculated to please and attract.

Since the war the Vicomtesse Aguado has lived in retirement. Her sincere attachment to the Empress would not permit her to participate in the festivities of a changed administration; in addition to which, heavy bereavements, of a nature so intense that nothing can ameliorate their profound melancholy, have veiled in a cloud of sadness this happy life.

The Vicomtesse Aguado was the mother of the Duchesse de Montmorency, a most lovely and truly accomplished young woman, who died at the early age of thirty, adored by every one who knew her. Still clinging to life, though exhausted by prolonged suffering, she yet found courage to cheer the despondency of those who were plunged in despair at the prospect of losing her.

The Comtesse de Montebello, *née* de Villeneuve Bargemont, was the granddaughter, on her

mother's side, of the Duchesse de Vicence. Mme. de Montebello, one of the most agreeable women of the court, had been an intimate friend of the Duchesse d'Albe, and the Empress was particularly attached to her. In 1860 her husband, General Montebello, was sent as ambassador to Rome, where they passed several years, and where their influence was most serviceable in conducting the delicate negotiations consequent upon the Italian war. She made a delightful ambassadress, and was very popular in Roman society.

She had one son, M. Jean de Montebello, whom the Empress had been especially kind to ever since his childhood, inviting him to the court when his mother was on duty, and greatly interesting herself in his welfare. When still a child he composed very pretty verses expressive of a youthful and enthusiastic devotion to the lovely Empress, who was so sweet a friend to him. Toward the close of the empire Mme. de Montebello fell seriously ill. For several years she lingered thus, finally passing away when still young, on the 7th of June, 1870, on the eve of the war.

She was a devout Catholic. Going one day to visit her, I found with her a priest in the Dominican habit, and after he had withdrawn I desired to

know who the monk with the strong, expressive face might be.

"He has," I said laughingly, "eyes as brilliant as coals of hell."

She exclaimed, as if I had uttered a blasphemy.

"He is a saint!" she cried protestingly. "He leads a life of the strictest retirement and self-discipline. He preaches the Word of God with an eloquence that would touch the hearts of fallen angels. I knew him in Rome."

It was Père Hyacinthe.

Until the close of her life the Empress bestowed upon Mme. de Montebello constant proofs of her affection and interest, and mourned her loss deeply, as that of a friend.

The Comtesse de Lezay Marnésia, Baronne de Malaret, ranked among the first ladies in waiting of the Empress. She was a person of remarkable elegance and possessed a wonderfully beautiful figure. She passed but little time in her own house, and generally accompanied her husband, who belonged to the diplomatic ranks. I never saw her at court.

Besides these, there was the Marquise de Latour-Maubourg, daughter of the Duc de Trévise. Her husband was attached to the Emperor's hunt, and had the figure and face of a knight of the olden

time. Theirs was a most united household, and Mme. de Maubourg, who was a most interesting and amiable woman, fairly adored her husband. People teased them somewhat about their perpetual honeymoon.

"What would you do," I asked her one day, "if you found Maubourg deceiving you?"

"I should be so astonished," she replied, "that I should die of sheer surprise."

She devoted the most infinite care and tenderness to the education and rearing of their two children—a boy and a girl. Independent, wealthy, and well-born, their lives were, for a long period, exempt from the slightest sorrow or pain. One day when she and I were on duty together at the Tuileries, as we were mounting the staircase, a dispatch was handed her. It announced that her father, the Duc de Trévise, whom she had but recently left in perfect health, had been stricken with the small-pox.

"It is the first trouble of my life," she said to me, greatly moved. "God knows what may now come to me!"

The Duc de Trévise died a few days later at Sceaux, in the ancient dwelling of the Duchesse de Maine, which he had undertaken to restore. Two

weeks after the Duchesse de Trévise died also, having caught the disease in taking care of her husband.

Mme. de Maubourg was still in mourning when the war broke out. Her son—twenty years of age, and as handsome as his father—a lad full of promise for the future, enlisted with the militia of the Haute-Loire, where they owned large estates. He fell in combat, and his dead body was sent home to his mother. A lovely daughter still remained to her. She gave her in marriage to Comte Pierre de Kergolay, and less than a year after the poor girl died in childbirth.

M. de Latour-Maubourg, in consequence of such a succession of sorrows, fell into a sad condition of melancholy, which lasted many years. Misfortune had entirely broken him down. His brave wife found sufficient courage to sustain and comfort him, devoting herself wholly to his care with a wonderful unselfishness and tenderness. He has lately passed away. The Marquise is a woman of great piety, and it is said that she will shortly enter a convent.

The sixth lady in waiting was the Baronne de Pierres, whose husband was grand equerry to the Empress. She was the finest horsewoman in

France, and yet the most timid person I ever knew; the least trifle terrified her. She had been very pretty and was exceedingly sweet and amiable.

The ordinary daily duties at the palace were exclusively performed by the ladies in waiting. The grand mistress of the household and the lady of honor only officiated on special occasions of ceremony, such as audiences, presentations, etc.

The Princesse d'Essling regulated the duties for each week. Later, the number of ladies in waiting in the Empress's suite was considerably increased, numbering twelve, in fact. The Empress chose first Mme. de Sancy de Parabère, *née* Lesfèvre-Desnouettes, a person of eminent mental culture, elevated character, and the most agreeable disposition. Long after her youth had departed she preserved a wonderful charm of countenance. The Empress felt for her the strong attachment and admiration which a woman of such superior distinction merited. The next lady selected to augment the service was the Comtesse de la Bédoyère, a most witty woman and superb musician, who had all the brilliancy and beauty of the women of the time of Louis XIV. She became a widow in 1869, and subsequently married the Prince de la Moskowa. She, as well as her sister, was Comtesse de la Poëze

and daughter of the Marquise de Laroche-Lambert, who was ambassadress to Berlin. These two women, both having been partially brought up in foreign countries, were perfectly at home in the atmosphere of courts. Mme. de Sancy was the distinguished wife of the brilliant member of the Institut. She now lives in retirement, devoting herself to works of charity and existing in the holy shadows of the past.

Then there was the Comtesse de Rayneval, who never married. She became canoness of a religious order in Bavaria, and preserved for many years a statuesque style of beauty. It was she who posed as model for the Muse whom one sees crowning Cherubini in Ingres's celebrated picture.

The Comtesse de Lourmel, widow of the general who fell in the Crimea, was a very tiny person, without beauty but not without pretensions, who was completely controlled by provincial prejudices. She was possessed of a ferocious jealousy of all things concerning the Empress, and would have been slain in defense of her prerogatives. The Empress, pitying her lonely condition—for she had no children, little wealth, and few friends—treated her with a rather unusual degree of familiarity. The poor little countess always dreamed of filling

the *rôle* of favorite to her Majesty, a *rôle* far beyond her slender capabilities. We were greatly surprised at seeing her arrive at the Tuileries one day wearing a set of extraordinarily beautiful emeralds surrounded by small diamonds. She invented some fable of family inheritance to account for this unwonted magnificence, but it was always suspected that the emeralds never saw Peru, which won for Mme. de Lourmel the malicious nickname of the "lady of the emeralds," with the last word accented after her own fashion when she mentioned her gems. This innocent deceit was the outcome of an immense fund of vanity which it took but little to irritate. The Comtesse de Lourmel's end was a sad one—her weak little brain gave way, and we heard at last that she had lost her reason. She died about 1868.

The Baronne de Viry-Cohendier, of a very old Savoy family, was made lady in waiting in 1860, just about the time of the annexation. She was a young woman of pleasing countenance, with very fine dark-brown eyes. The Maréchal Vaillant, who greatly admired her, always greeted her by saying:

"Madame, you remind me of the ox-eyed Juno."

This Homeric compliment was but partially

flattering to the pretty baroness. Her husband, M. Viry-Cohendier, was a pale young man, as cold and reserved as she was lively and animated; still she was terribly jealous of him. He used to wander sadly through the entertainments at the court, joining in no gayety and mingling with no one, carefully watched by his amiable wife, who was a fanatic on the subject of her native country, and was extremely sensitive regarding anything connected with Savoy.

Chambéry gauze, the somewhat old-fashioned product of the Savoyan industries, occupied a considerable place in her wardrobe, but she never succeeded in creating the demand for it which she desired to establish. However, every year, in order to please her, the Empress would send for several pieces which she distributed about her. After the war, M. and Mme. de Viry returned to their old château in Savoy, whence they seldom emerge.

Mme. Féray-d'Isly, the second daughter of Maréchal Bugeaud, was also, for a short time, lady in waiting; but it appeared that her humor did not well accord with the deference due a sovereign. She was constantly recalling the time when Maréchal Bugeaud, her father, was governor-general of Algeria, and when it was for her carriage that a

salute was sounded when she was pleased to venture out from the government palace. She continually yielded to vain regrets, until it was finally hinted to her that it was scarcely desirable that she should retain a position which was so unpleasant to her. I do not think she ever returned to the Tuileries, where, however, her husband, General Féray, who was warmly respected by the Emperor, was always cordially received.

At the time of my arrival at the Tuileries the Comtesse de Lezay-Marnésia, who had long been an invalid and unfitted for duty, begged the Empress's permission to retire. She remained honorary lady in waiting, and her place was not for some time refilled, although many women coveted the succession. Many times the Empress caused me to reply, in answer to requests for it, that the place was already promised.

When my marriage was arranged the Empress was good enough to tell me that, desiring to keep me near her, she was reserving the situation for me. And indeed, by a notice inserted in the "Moniteur" of April 22, 1866, it was made public that I had been appointed lady in waiting to the Empress on the day of my marriage.

Two of us were on duty at a time. The ladies

in waiting did not reside at the Tuileries. During our week of service a great court equipage came daily to conduct us thither. The coachman to whom this duty was assigned, and who was called Pinson, filled his place with a gravity which nothing could overcome. Once having taken up his freight, he set off at a solemn trot, and, notwithstanding what might be our hurry or impatience, we never could induce him to increase his speed in the slightest.

The Emperor, while reviewing his stables one day, noticed his important bearing and excellent appearance.

"To what service are you attached?" he inquired.

"I am Pinson, the ladies' coachman, sire," was the reply, with a consequential air which greatly amused his Majesty.

We have often since then been wrongfully accused of making a martyr of him. Pinson considered himself the guardian of our dignity in the public sight; he drove us according to his own ideas of decorum, and in all Paris there did not exist a greater slave to propriety than he.

Every Sunday the service was changed. At half-past eleven the new service and all the grand dignitaries of the crown assembled in the *Salon du*

Premier Consul. The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial proceeded thither after their breakfast and greeted the company, after which the procession formed and proceeded to mass in the chapel of the Tuileries, traversing the *Salle des Maréchaux*, the *Galerie de la Paix*, and a gallery called *Des Travées* which opened from the chapel.

It was there that I saw regularly Monseigneur Darboy, the Archbishop of Paris and Grand Almoner to the Emperor, whose terrible death under the Commune attaches a tragic importance to his memory. Monseigneur Darboy, who showed an apostolic eloquence in his preaching, was, at other times, a man of silent benevolence. He was thin and short, with a delicate face and long features. His gray hair fell to his shoulders. He was modest and almost timid in appearance; and his expression was one of sadness, even of melancholy, indeed.

Among the other chief officers of the crown was Maréchal Vaillant, minister of the Emperor's household. He was one of the men who trembled or pretended to tremble in the Emperor's presence; nevertheless, he was not a timid person. He was a passionate horticulturist; he adored flowers, and prided himself upon his knowledge of agriculture, which he

had acquired from the most learned writings. He thought that he had discovered a means of exterminating the grub which is the fatal enemy to the culture of beet-root. According to his theory, one should largely cultivate the moles, who, it appears, are very fond of this horrible insect. He had collected in a boxful of earth a quantity of the worms and had put a mole into it also; the next day every worm had disappeared. This result appeared to him a conclusive argument, and he proposed applying the system to farms. He forgot, able theorist though he was, that the experience made upon one of his window-sills in the Louvre might not be applicable to huge fields, and that the moles, in multiplying, might become a far greater pest than the grubs themselves.

The marshal, though very amiable at the court, had the reputation of being far different in his official capacity, and rather prided himself upon his brusquerie and severity. The wife of a colonel, having a request to make, was once received by him with scant courtesy until he learned that she was a person of consequence and vastly clever, when he greatly modified his demeanor, saying deprecatingly, as she rose to take leave, "You must consider me a boar, madame."

To which she replied naïvely, "Oh no, monsieur, not quite as savage as that."

The maréchal thought the thrust a good one, and enjoyed repeating it at his own expense. He had much refinement, however, beneath an exterior whose roughness was rather affected than real.

The high chamberlain, the Duc de Bassano, resided at the Tuileries. He assisted every Sunday at mass. No one could have fulfilled with greater devotion, distinction, and kindness the delicate duties of his position. All who met him left his presence, even if unsuccessful in their missions, with a feeling of satisfaction; no one better understood conciliating the friends of the Emperor. With his lordly manner, his exquisite courtesy, his unfailing patience and desire to oblige, he was the most perfect intermediary who could have been selected to represent such a sovereign as Napoleon III. He often filled the Emperor's place in receiving audiences or attending state ceremonies.

The Duc de Bassano, now at a very advanced age, has consecrated his life entirely to the Empress's service. He lives in England, and scarcely ever leaves her neighborhood, surrounding her with a deference and respectful attention which are truly touching, watching carefully over her interests in

every way, and ever on the alert to spare her suffering and assuage her grief. By means of his watchful devotion, his noble self-sacrifice, and unobtrusive assiduity, he maintains around her in the solitude of Chiselhurst or Farnborough as much as possible of the prestige of royal rank. His attachment to the imperial family, his stainless and dignified character, his rare loyalty and devotion recall the noblest examples of our history. His is a character worthy of the deepest veneration. Such men as he awaken the love of all humanity.

The Duchesse de Bassano, *née* d'Hoogworth, of Belgian origin, lady of honor to the Empress, was the personification of loveliness. She was a worthy companion of such a husband. They had a charming family, consisting of three children—a son and two daughters.

The daughters were most talented young women, and it was impossible to find in the brilliant circles in which they moved two sisters who were their equals. Ever united and sympathetic, pretty and unaffected, they dispersed about them a radiance of youth heightened by the attractiveness of a model education. The eldest married her cousin, Baron d'Hoogworth, and lives in Belgium, where she is lady in waiting to Queen Henrietta. The

second is the Marquise d'Espeuilles, wife of the brilliant officer of ordnance to the Emperor, who was later aide-de-camp to the Prince Imperial.

It was the Duc de Bassano who on the 19th of June, 1879, took upon himself the sad and terrible duty of acquainting the Empress with the dread news of her son's death. Since the preceding evening the report had been circulated in London.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 19th Lord Sydney, high chamberlain of the Queen, arrived, having been dispatched by her Majesty as bearer of the terrible tidings. He asked for the Duc de Bassano, and the latter, who loved the prince devotedly, was completely prostrated with sorrow upon learning his errand. Lord Sydney urged him to prepare the Empress.

"Never," replied the duke. "My lips will never find courage to frame the words."

"But only consider," insisted Lord Sydney, "that the Empress may learn the sad truth at any moment from a newspaper or from chattering tongues."

The duke hesitated no longer. The Empress, surprised at seeing him present himself at such an unusually early hour, caused him to be at once admitted.

"You have tidings from Zululand?" she asked, before he could speak.

"Yes, madame, and they are not happy ones."

"Louis is ill? Well, my dear duke, let us set out at once to find and take care of him."

"There has been a battle," said the duke, gravely.

"He is wounded?"

The duke bowed.

"We must go at once, to-day. We can easily procure a vessel in London to convey us to Suez. There we shall have further advices. People are going every day." And summoning her women, the Empress gave them hurried orders to prepare at once for departure. "Is the wound serious?" she then demanded, scarcely daring to question or even look at the duke, who still waited at the door.

Suddenly she approached and looked at him fixedly, in a very agony of apprehension; the tears were rolling down his cheeks. The Empress uttered a terrible cry—she comprehended the horrible truth.

During the whole of that sad day the Empress sank from one swoon into another. Her life was considered in danger, and the Abbé Goddard, curé

of the Church of Saint Mary at Chiselhurst, was summoned to her assistance.

"I can not even die," cried the Empress, as she came to herself, "and the good God will let me live to be a hundred."

Such griefs can not be recounted.

The Marquis de Bassano, the duke's son, frequently supplied his father's place in her Majesty's service. He accompanied her on the journey which she made to Zululand after the prince's death, for the purpose of collecting herself all the painful details of his lamentable experience, in order that no doubt might ever be raised concerning the manner in which the tragic catastrophe was accomplished—an actual Calvary in which the suffering mother was sustained and supported by the will of the sovereign.

On arriving at the deserted place where all that she loved on earth had met with such a dreadful fate, Nature made a supreme revolt against the burden laid upon her, and the Empress fainted on the very spot where, in the midst of a desolate and barbarous solitude, her child had been done to death.

The young Marquis de Bassano proffered her the only consolation which can be applied to such awful affliction. With the utmost delicacy of devotion

and intuitive sympathy, he aided the stricken mother in fulfilling this superhuman task.

Besides the persons attached to the court, mass at the Tuileries was attended by a vast number of outsiders. Every one who assisted was summoned by invitation. The side galleries were thrown open, and the guests sat there and in the background of the chapel. The Emperor and Empress, surrounded by their suite, occupied a sort of tribune opposite the altar, and the ladies in waiting sat in the left gallery. The music was excellent, the mass being chanted by fine soloists and a well-trained choir. The office was most solemnly conducted.

Monseigneur Tirmache, Bishop of Adras, generally officiated. He was the former curé of Ham, of whom the Emperor had preserved such favorable recollections that he had been anxious to secure him for the imperial chapel. After the Emperor's escape he begged Monseigneur Tirmache to keep, in memory of him, the sacred vessels which had come from the chapel of Queen Hortense and which had been used during the celebrations of mass at which the Emperor regularly assisted during his captivity. Monseigneur Tirmache was a most worthy and unassuming old man. Toward the close of his life he was bitten by what was supposed to be a mad dog.

This circumstance made a most painful impression upon him, and he died in 1870 after the close of the war.

A numerous clergy was attached to the chapel. The Abbé Laisne bore the title of *curé-vicaire.* The chapel was in the parish of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, notwithstanding which it possessed special registers of its own in which were inscribed all the religious ceremonies which took place there; such as the baptism of those children to whom the Emperor and Empress stood sponsors, and the marriages at which their Majesties assisted — the latter being of exceedingly rare occurrence. It was here that I was married, the Emperor and Empress having desired to do me this honor.

The Abbé Laisne chanced to be in the chapel on the 4th of September, when the Tuileries were invaded, and was fortunate enough to secure the registers containing the marriage of the Emperor and Empress and the certificate of baptism of the Prince Imperial, thus preserving these important records from destruction. He is still a firm, vigorous old man, and presides at all the religious ceremonials in which the imperial society takes part. His sympathetic countenance is thoroughly familiar to all who have the gift of memory. He it is who

celebrates the anniversary masses, and of whom the last prayers are requested for the former members of the Emperor's household. His services are, alas! only too frequently called into requisition, for the gaps grow daily wider in that once brilliant circle.

After mass, to which the Emperor always wore his general's uniform, it was his custom to hold a reception of all the officers above the grade of lieutenant-colonel. They were permitted to converse freely and unceremoniously, the Emperor taking a great pleasure in these reunions, being able to call nearly all the officers by name, and interesting himself in their welfare and conditions with ready and unfailing kindness.

On one occasion a newly appointed colonel presented himself, and the Emperor, seeing him there for the first time, asked his name.

"Paillard," replied the colonel.

"You possess a fine name," remarked the Emperor, misunderstanding the officer's pronunciation, "that of the chevalier '*sans peur et sans reproche.*'"

"Pardon, sire, it is Paillard," corrected the colonel.

"Ah! well," said his Majesty, "that is a fine name also."

The chapel of the Tuileries, unimposing in character, was most simply decorated. Two very remarkable pieces of Gobelin tapestry ornamented the wall on each side of the altar. They represented the Flight into Egypt and the Visitation. Daily during Lent, and on every Sunday, a sermon was preached, and there we had an opportunity of hearing all the most celebrated sacred orators of the day.

The Abbé Deguerry, the venerable curé of the Madeleine, was among the last to preach there. The Abbé Bauer, of unhappy memory, also officiated for a season. He came from Italy and, strongly recommended by the court of Rome as a neophyte of unequaled ardor and sanctity, was preceded by a reputation for eloquence which caused him to be appointed conductor to their Majesties of the Lenten services of 1866.

He had left at Vienna and Madrid, where he had made his *début* in the sacred rostrum, impressions which, joined to the somewhat romantic and mysterious story of his conversion to Catholicism, enveloped his name and person with a special interest, and aroused a marked feeling of curiosity regarding him. On the day of his first presentation at court by the venerable Archbishop of Paris, he

appeared pale and ascetic, as if ravaged by the austerities of a life of penitence, but with an air of youth and modesty about him that prepossessed one strongly in his favor. Although he was then nearly forty, he looked much younger, owing to his short, slight figure.

On seeing him, one was forcibly reminded of one of Alexandre Dumas's guardsmen; he looked like a sort of Aramis, without the latter's grace and distinction. His long, jet-black hair, his strongly accentuated features, and his somber, deep-set eyes, made up a most extraordinary countenance; and in hearing him speak one's favorable impressions were but increased. His scholarly and well-chosen language was marked by a touching and impressive fervor; a vigorous delivery, and the slight German accent which he still retained, gave weight and variety to his words, and impressed them forcibly upon his hearers' minds, which were prepared to receive them by the intense atmosphere of faith which emanated from him. He was well equipped with the happiest similes and readiest command of speech—with all the qualities, in fact, calculated to captivate the attention of the select audience which he addressed.

Many ladies of the court whose religious char-

acter was, perhaps, insufficiently developed to permit them to dissociate themselves from external influences, became foolishly infatuated with the young preacher, and went about wildly extolling his talent and singing his praises with the exaggeration in which such persons indulge. He became the confessor of these ladies, the recipient of their feeble confidences; and the little apartment where he lodged at Carmes soon became thronged with the fashionable women of Paris, eager to seek from him religious advice and consolation.

Apparently, the head of Abbé Bauer was not sufficiently steady to prevent his falling into these man-traps. When, in the following year, he reappeared in the chapel—where, by the way, he never had an official title—he was almost ridiculous. It was said that he had his cassocks made by the court tailor, but I think the report arose from his theatrical manner of wearing them. He was completely inundated with opoponax; he addressed women with the familiarity of a gallant, drawing up his small figure to its most imposing height, and endeavoring to play the courtier-prelate of the ancient *régime* in a most absurd manner.

The admiration which the Empress had accorded him on his first appearance, and the sym-

pathy with which she had at first regarded him, suffered a complete revulsion at sight of such a despicable transformation. Above everything her Majesty detested vulgarity and ostentation. Soon a warning of the imperial displeasure was conveyed to the abbé, but, as he was not a man to take a hint and retire with dignity, or profit by a marked coldness of attitude, he engaged in a sort of struggle in which he had the advantage of audacity.

There was no apparently valid reason for officially banishing him, and he therefore had the address to avail himself of the hesitation which their Majesties always showed in making a public manifestation of their displeasure.

When the court was at Biarritz in 1867, the Abbé Bauer followed it thither and presented himself to pay his respects at the Villa Eugénie. It was the custom to ask every one who passed through Biarritz, and who had been presented at court, to breakfast. The Abbé Bauer was invited like every one else, and it chanced that on the same day the Empress had planned a little sailing excursion in a small steam advice boat, called Le Faon, which remained at the Emperor's orders while he was at Biarritz. The Abbé Bauer, overhearing

mention made of this excursion, expressed his desire to see the coast in such a manner that it was impossible to avoid asking him to join the expedition.

The Emperor cared little for sailing, besides which he was on that day receiving several ministers, M. Rouher among others; therefore he did not accompany the Empress, who embarked with the Prince Imperial, Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, her two young nieces—daughters of the Duchesse d'Albe, who were then living with her—Mlle. Marion, maid of honor, Doctor Corvisart, and myself, who unfortunately was obliged to disappear almost immediately on account of seasickness.

The first part of the programme passed off well, and we went as far as Saint-Sébastien, but, as the wind had suddenly risen and the sea become very rough, the captain of Le Faon declared that we could not land at the port of Vieux, and that we must go on to Saint-Jean-de-Luz. We arrived at the latter place at a later hour than we anticipated, and night was already setting in.

Saint-Jean-de-Luz is a little fishing port which only accommodates boats of a light draught. A long, narrow jetty separates two bays which afford a place of refuge on this abrupt shore; but the coast bristles with rocks, and the boat could not approach

near enough to land us. It therefore became necessary to use the small cutters belonging to the advice boat. The roughness of the sea had increased my discomfort, and the younger of the Empress's nieces, Mlle. Louise d'Albe, was equally ill. We were placed, half-conscious, in the little cutter and rowed by the sailors to land.

The imperial boat had been observed by the inhabitants, who all turned out armed with lanterns to illuminate the pier and point out the channel. We disembarked easily, and remained on the pier to await the arrival of the Empress's boat, which was behind ours. Some time passed, and we saw no sign of it. We began to grow very anxious. What could have happened to it? At last Doctor Corvisart, making his way through the crowd, approached us.

"Come," he said. "The Empress has just escaped a most terrible peril. They are saved, but have had an awful and alarming experience."

And, indeed, through an error of the pilot who guided the boat which held the Empress and Prince Imperial, Admiral Jurien, the captain of La Faon, Abbé Bauer, and M. Corvisart, instead of keeping the direction which we had taken and so gaining the channel, had ventured into the water on the

other side of the jetty, where the coast was seamed with danger, and where the boat, driven by the wind, had struck against one of the largest rocks which the waves bathed. The darkness was so intense that it was impossible to distinguish how far they were from shore. The sailors helped the Empress out of the boat and assisted her in maintaining a precarious footing on the rock and in withstanding the force of the waves which dashed against it. The Empress held her son in her arms.

"Do not be afraid, Louis," she said to him, reassuringly.

"I am not, mamma," returned the boy; "I have not forgotten that my name is Napoleon." The prince was then eleven.

When all the passengers were in comparative safety on the rock, one of the sailors, who was an excellent swimmer, declared his ability to swim to the shore for help, and dashed into the water. He found that it was shallow enough to permit him to stand erect, and immediately the rest of the men, imitating his example, jumped into the sea and, forming a chain, passed the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and the other passengers safely to land. When it came to the Abbé Bauer's turn no one would help him.

"If we had not had him on board," said the sailors to each other, "we should not have met with an accident."

There is indeed a superstition among sailors that any excursion in which a priest takes part is sure to come to a fatal termination.

The report of the episode which had happened to us quickly spread. The population of Saint-Jean-de-Luz soon dispersed from the pier, and the Empress and Prince Imperial, who were both wet to the skin, were promptly conducted to the town. The prince was dressed hastily in some borrowed garments, but the Empress, fearing that the Emperor would become anxious at not seeing her return, immediately set off in one of the vehicles which awaited her, without even delaying to change her soaked clothing.

The Emperor and his ministers were indeed in a state of the liveliest inquietude, and after hearing an account of the frightful catastrophe his Majesty swore that never again would he permit these sailing parties. This one had a most unhappy epilogue—the unfortunate pilot who had conducted it was drowned, and the next day his mutilated body was thrown up by the tide on the very part of the beach where his own little dwelling—whose

tiny light had ever served him as a beacon — stood.

Some days later the Emperor visited the scene of the disaster. The tide was low, and the immense rock which had wrecked the Empress's boat was entirely exposed. It was a huge affair; a great isolated cube on which twelve or fifteen persons could have been easily accommodated, had the sea permitted. The Emperor ordered the construction of a light-house, designed to guide boats entering the harbor at night, which accounts for the beacon which to-day burns on the pier of Saint-Jean-de-Luz.

V.

On the 26th of February, 1864, I lost my father, who was then a colonel at Cherbourg. He was still young, full of life and spirits, and I adored him. My mother and I were left without fortune, which fact the Empress heard of through Doctor Conneau, who was one of our friends. She had never forgotten me, and at once took a lively interest in our unfortunate situation.

Shortly after, my mother received a call from Admiral Charles Duperré, then officer of ordnance to the Emperor. He had been sent by the Empress as bearer of an offer to take me into her service and assume the charge of my future. My mother hesitated, her love and solicitude for me causing her to apprehend that the acceptance of the kind proposition with which her Majesty had honored me might have dangerous results.

Having been reared in Brittany, I knew no one at the brilliant court, and my mother was afraid lest

I should find such a novel position bristling with difficulties. At this very time I had under consideration the offer of a wealthy alliance, and I was urged to accept it. But my heart was not enlisted in the matter, and I could not bring myself to consent.

I was deeply moved by the interest the Empress testified in me, and, influenced by the strong fascination she exerted over my imagination, I dreamed of consecrating my life to her.

My mother procured an audience with the Empress, and talked freely with her regarding her perplexities. Her Majesty explained fully what would be required of me and what would be the conditions of my life in her service. She completely reassured my mother, and we therefore gratefully accepted the destiny offered me.

The Empress expressed a desire that I should never go out without her. I was never to leave her, was to accompany her in all her travels, and live her life exclusively. My mother and all the ladies of my family and acquaintance were at liberty to come and see me at the Tuileries, but I was allowed to receive no other visits. This established rule left me free to devote myself to my new duties, and besides it was the only proper condition

under which I, a young girl, could accept the situation.

The choice of a title for me was a most perplexing one. There had never been any young ladies of honor at the court since the time of Louis XIV., and the Empress had already in her service an old lady, the Comtesse de Wagner de Pons, who most honorably filled the place of reader. Her Majesty hesitated to confer the same title upon a young person for fear of wounding the old lady, but, as no better solution of the difficulty was forthcoming, I was appointed second reader to her Majesty.

Throughout all time, trifling events at court have assumed a vast importance; petty rivalries and jealousies become magnified into huge affairs. Sovereigns generally better understand those who serve them than these understand themselves. The impulsive way in which the Empress had summoned me to her service might have given great umbrage to many; but the secret was well guarded, very few persons having been confided in, and no one knew of my new position until I arrived at the Tuileries.

It had been necessary to bestow some thought and attention on my modest *trousseau*, but the Em-

press had kindly foreseen what would be my perplexity in this matter, and had sent me by Mme. Pollet, her treasurer, several very simple toilets, made in the most perfect taste.

At last, on the 24th of April, 1864, I arrived at the Tuileries, accompanied by my mother. We were both deeply moved, for we had always lived together in the most perfect union of tastes and sympathy, accustomed to share all our thoughts in common. We had never been separated, and my mother, in the midst of all the exigencies and interruptions of military life, had taken the sole charge of my education. I had not a thought or memory unshared by her. Henceforth we should live apart, and my mother was filled with apprehension and solicitude; as for myself, I was full of confidence in the support I felt I should derive from the Empress.

On arriving we were introduced into a *salon* on the first floor, near the *Pavillon de Flore*, and almost immediately we were told that the Empress awaited us. It was half-past twelve, and their Majesties had just finished breakfast. Having mounted one flight, we were ushered across the grand *Galerie de Diane*, and into the *salon* of Louis XIV., which was used as a breakfast-room.

Here the Prince Imperial was finishing his repast alone, Miss Shaw, his English governess, standing at a little distance from him.

At this time he was a beautiful child of eight, with a frank, open countenance, fair skin, pretty brown curls, and his mother's large blue eyes. He was talking gayly in English as we entered, but as his glance fell upon us his face assumed the grave expression which was even then a characteristic of his young countenance, and rising of his own accord he saluted us courteously, with a charming mixture of dignity and childishness in his manner.

We continued to traverse many grand apartments until we reached the *Salon d'Apollon*, upon which opened the private rooms of the Empress. The footman who conducted us threw open a large glass door, and, having motioned us into a smaller and very elegantly decorated *salon* opening upon the garden, left us. A few moments later an usher crossed the room and tapped softly on a door which he opened; then, after saying a few words in a low, respectful tone, he withdrew. Almost immediately the Empress appeared.

She wore a simple black silk dress draped above a red cloth petticoat, with a bodice of the same cloth, clasped about the waist with a black belt fast-

ened by a gold buckle which formed a monogram containing all the letters of her name. The Empress's beauty was of a graver character than formerly, though it still retained its exquisite purity of feature, and the shade of melancholy which tinged her countenance only made its fairness more interesting. Her always superb figure had grown fuller, and on her exceedingly slender hands she wore no jewel save the five gold rings on the fourth finger of the left one, each of which commemorated some great event in her life.

Her Majesty embraced me affectionately, saying she was very glad to have me with her, and then kindly set about comforting my mother, who could not control her emotion.

"I only require one thing of you," she said to me, "which is that you tell me freely everything which may trouble or annoy you, just as you would tell your own mother. I trust that you will be happy with me, and, as you already please me greatly, all will, I am sure, go smoothly."

During this conversation the door remained open, and we could hear loud bursts of laughter and the fresh tones of a childish voice mingling with graver accents; a light odor of cigarettes filled the room, and I divined that the Emperor and

Prince Imperial were in the next apartment. After a quarter of an hour's conversation, the Empress said to me:

"Go, now, and put your affairs in order; I will soon send for you. If you need anything, ask Mme. Pollet for it."

My mother took leave of her Majesty, and we returned through the apartments that we had already traversed in coming thither. The footman awaited us in the *Galerie de Diane*, and conducted us up an inner staircase, of no particular importance, at the top of which stood an officer of the guard in uniform, armed to the teeth, and immediately afterward I found myself in my new lodgings.

They were situated directly above the apartments of the Empress, and their oval windows opened upon a flat roof. They had formerly belonged to one of the Orleans princesses. They consisted of an antechamber, lighted from the roof, which gave access to a most comfortable sitting-room, a spacious chamber with dressing-room attached, and a second chamber for the accommodation of my maid.

Mme. Pollet awaited us. She was quite a young Spaniard, and had been in her Majesty's serv-

ice before her marriage. She never left her. She consulted me as to the selection of a maid, as if she considered it a most important question, and offered me the services of a young woman whose two sisters were in her Majesty's employ, and who was desirous of being near them. I gladly secured her, and she proved to be a girl of most excellent qualities and disposition, named Franceline Merlin. She has been in my service ever since, and has never failed in proving her devotion and attachment to me.

About three o'clock a footman came to inform me that the Empress was ready to go out and that I was to accompany her. I descended the same narrow staircase, which was lighted only from above, so that as I went down it seemed to me that I was entering utter darkness. It appeared interminable, and, in fact, contained one hundred and six steps. A guard was on duty at the foot, which gave upon a large corridor lighted day and night by lamps. This passage ran alongside the Emperor's apartments, and separated them from those of the Prince Imperial.

The footman threw open a door, stood aside to let me pass in, closed it again, and I found myself in a large *salon*, hung with old damask, which

opened upon a garden, where some ten persons were gathered in readiness to go out.

The Vicomtesse Aguado, lady in waiting, arose and, coming forward, welcomed me in the kindest manner, saying that the Empress had informed her of my arrival. She presented me to the Baronne de Pierres, second lady in waiting, who was on duty with her, and named to me all those who were present and who composed the service of honor to their Majesties on that day.

No one could better have aided me in overcoming the embarrassment of those first few moments than Mme. Aguado. She was one of the most amiable and kind-hearted women in Paris, and, feeling instinctively how greatly I stood in need of self-confidence, she applied herself to making me feel at my ease.

The first moments of such a difficult situation as that in which I then found myself exert a great influence over one's after-life. I owe much to the welcome I then received, for first impressions in youth are so vivid and lasting. The sympathy which I encountered greatly diminished my apprehensions, and I quickly regained my composure and tranquillity.

The Emperor and Empress soon appeared. Ev-

ery one arose, and his Majesty addressed a few words of greeting to me, after which we moved toward the carriages, which were stationed under the arch of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge.* They were two huge berlins, and on the rumble behind each stood two footmen; an outrider preceded them to clear the way. Their Majesties entered the first carriage with the aide-de-camp and gentleman in waiting. The Baron Philippe de Bourgoing, master of the horse, mounted on an exceedingly beautiful animal, galoped beside the right of the carriage, close to the Emperor's side. There was no other escort.

I took my place with the two ladies in waiting and the Empress's chamberlain, the Marquis de Piennes, in the second vehicle, which was exactly similar to the first. Our object was to visit an exhibition of paintings, which I found exceedingly commonplace.

We returned at five o'clock, and as the carriages drew up under the archway, the soldier who mounted guard at the door of the entrance struck the ground with a blow of his halberd, which he held at arm's length. We again traversed the Emperor's antechamber, where two ushers and two footmen were on guard, and then re-entered the *salon* into which I had been first introduced on my

arrival, and which was the *salon* of the aide-de-camp in waiting.

The Emperor and Empress both preceded us thither, and, after saluting those who had accompanied them on their drive, withdrew, the Empress summoning me to follow her. Their Majesties repaired to the private apartments of the Emperor, and his Majesty at once passed into his study, while the Empress, opening a door concealed by the hangings, ascended a small, very narrow staircase, entirely unlighted, which led directly from the Emperor's apartments to her own.

In the magnificent palace of the Tuileries, which had been constructed on so vast and sumptuous a scale, nothing had been planned for the requirements of private life. After the 6th of October, 1789, when Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette had taken possession of it, certain alterations in that respect had been improvised, but these had necessarily remained exceedingly imperfect and unsatisfactory.

Outside the state apartments all the passages and stairways were so dark that it was necessary to burn lamps constantly in order to enable people to find their way about, and this circumstance created a heat and closeness which were actually oppressive.

Therefore, notwithstanding the beautiful chestnut trees in the garden, it was with a perfect feeling of relief and joy that we hailed the time of departure for Saint-Cloud or Fontainebleau.

Aside from its luxury and state, the life of the Emperor and Empress was very different from the popular idea of the existence led by sovereigns. The Emperor applied himself closely to work, and his hours of leisure were extremely rare; notwithstanding its outward appearance, his was scarcely to be reckoned a life of pleasure. Apart from state entertainments and occasional small balls in the spring-time, the Empress, at Paris, led a very lonely existence. She was always occupied, being a great reader, and devoured the newspapers, following the doings of the Chambers most carefully, and keeping informed regarding all the works of interest which made their appearance.

She was very tender with the Prince Imperial, who was constantly with her, and interested herself in all the smallest details concerning him; and as up to the age of ten the prince was wholly delivered over to feminine care and instruction, the Empress herself regulated the employment of his time, his exercise, his meals, and even chose his clothes like a most devoted mother, hearing directly from him,

either through Miss Shaw, the English governess who had been with him since his birth, M. Bâchon, his master of horse, or his tutor, M. Monier.

At the Tuileries the Emperor and Empress breakfasted privately with the Prince Imperial; while at Saint-Cloud, Fontainebleau, Biarritz, or Compiègne breakfast was attended by all the service and their Majesties' guests. This meal, served at noon in the *salon* of Louis XIV., was rapidly dispatched, after which the Emperor repaired to her Majesty's study, where he smoked cigarettes while talking with his wife or playing with his child.

At one o'clock the prince, in charge of M. Bâchon, his governess, or tutor, drove out in a large carriage, which was open or shut according to the weather. He was easily recognized by the troop of cavalry which formed his escort. He almost always drove to Bagatelle, a charming pavilion constructed in the midst of the Bois de Boulogne in the short space of a few weeks, by the Comte d'Artois, for a *fête* given to Marie-Antoinette.

Bagatelle belonged to the Marquis of Hertford, an Englishman who was a patron of the arts, with strong French predilections. The Emperor sought to buy from him this pretty domain, in order that the prince during his sojourns in Paris might have

a free, open place to drive in. But his lordship begged the Emperor to leave the property in his possession, insisting so gallantly that the prince should use it as he chose that the Emperor accepted his kind proposal. The prince was generally accompanied thither by Louis Conneau, the devoted companion of his sports, a boy about his own age and son of Dr. Conneau, the oldest and most faithful of the Emperor's friends.

Every time the prince went out, the Empress, after embracing him, made the sign of the cross with her thumb upon his brow. After the attempt of Orsini, she never parted from her husband or child without wondering if she should ever again see them return alive. After the prince went out and the Emperor had returned to his own apartments, the Empress always wrote to her mother, a letter being sent every day by the Spanish embassy from the Empress to the Comtesse de Montijo; after this, her Majesty devoted herself to working with M. Damas-Hinard, her secretary.

M. Damas-Hinard, M. de Saint-Albin, librarian to her Majesty, and the Comtesse de Wagner, reader, arrived at the Tuileries about twelve o'clock every day. M. Damas-Hinard was a little, thin, smiling old man, with unusually fine white hair,

who was always most correctly dressed in black with a white cravat—like a notary on occasions of ceremony. He always carried under his arm a voluminous portfolio, stuffed with papers. He had a suavity of speech, and was elaborately polite to ladies, bending almost double when he approached the Empress. He fulfilled his duties in a correct and reserved manner, assuming charge of all the requests and petitions which were addressed to her Majesty, and presenting them to her for consideration. Every day a large number accumulated.

The Empress took personal cognizance of all, and would have none replied to until she had informed herself fully concerning them. M. Damas-Hinard received his orders from her, and afterward rendered her an account of the manner in which he had fulfilled them, without ever permitting himself the slightest personal commentary. The Empress was extremely accessible, and when the requests made of her were just and reasonable she endeavored to satisfy them to the best of her ability. Many of the petitions were of a singular and ridiculous character.

On the occasion of one of her state journeys, she one day received among other things a present of a cage of turtle-doves from the hands of a young

girl, who offered them with so much feeling that the Empress felt puzzled as to the meaning of this singular gift. Six months later she received a letter asking for a position in her employ; it concluded thus:

"It was I, madame, who offered you at —— two turtle-doves, which you accepted. As you love the birds, you might hire me to look out for them. I would give them the best of care."

Thereafter, the Empress, suspecting a selfish motive hidden in all the presents addressed to her, caused them to be invariably returned. The quantity and variety of objects sent her were almost beyond belief. They were of all sorts and descriptions—family souvenirs, historical relics, and almost everything else. Had they been retained, the old lumber-chests at the Tuileries would have been more than filled with a worthless collection of rubbish. Anonymous communications received but scant attention from her Majesty, which caused much dissatisfaction among certain persons about her who sought to obtain for their friends imperial favors at the expense of those who possessed a legitimate claim to them. Many animosities are rooted in the frustration of petty ambitions.

M. de Saint-Albin was a scholar, a collector of

taste and discretion, and a most excellent though singularly awkward man. He was extraordinarily negligent in his attire, and always wore the oldest and shabbiest hats, while his cravats were mere strings. One would have thought that his ancient and thread-bare clothing had been some of the cast-off relics of Louis Philippe's time. The Empress had known him before her marriage, and was deeply attached to him. Notwithstanding his unattractive exterior, he was most kind-hearted, and nearly every day brought me bouquets of violets, bonbons, or some similar trifle, which, to my utter despair, he invariably carried in his terrible old hat.

The Comtesse de Wagner was quite seventy. She had been very pretty, and talked most readily about her past beauty, employing all the resources which the age afforded to repair the "dread ravages of time." She always dressed like a young girl, in the latest fashion, and her toilet was, I think, her greatest weakness. In spite of this, however, she was most amiable and intelligent.

The Empress often expressed her wonder at the old lady's continued youthfulness, which pleased her vastly. One day she appeared at the Tuileries with her photograph, which, though it looked like a woman of thirty, yet resembled her strong-

ly. The Empress could not repress her astonishment.

"I desired to leave an agreeable likeness to my friends," the countess explained, "and I therefore told the photographer to put in all that was necessary and take out all that was unnecessary. I think I have succeeded in getting a very pretty picture."

Mme. de Wagner loved to make us think that she held long and familiar conversations with her Majesty.

"I really must go and tell the Empress a most excellent story," she would say, and immediately start with quick, short steps across the series of *salons;* then, reaching the door of the Empress's study, and knowing that her Majesty disliked being disturbed for trifles, she would hesitate and pause, finally withdrawing into the embrasure of a window next the study, thinking she was concealed from view. But the amplitude of her skirts betrayed her, and from the *salon* where we sat we could see the poor countess waiting alone and motionless, staring blankly out into the gardens, sometimes for over half an hour; then, all of a sudden, she would return with a radiant air of satisfaction and, rewarding herself for so long a restraint, pour forth to us a voluble account of all the ideas which

she and the Empress were supposed to have exchanged.

These absurd little scenes, which were oft-repeated, amused me, I must confess, immensely, despite the real affection I felt for the countess, who was most excellently and benevolently disposed. Sometimes her Majesty surprised her little trickery, and was greatly amused thereby.

Mme. de Wagner usually wore a wig of the most beautiful, waving brown hair; one day she appeared at the Tuileries completely transformed. It was at the time that Hortense Schneider was turning the heads of all Paris by her rendering of the *rôle* of *La Belle Hélène.* Mme. de Wagner was decked out in a wig *à la grecque*, similar to that worn by this charming actress. When she removed her bonnet and I saw the cranium of this good lady crowned with a bunch of light curls, as blonde and airy as those of a child, which surmounted her painted and wrinkled face with the drollest effect, I was seized with such a convulsion of laughter that, losing all control of my countenance, I was obliged to fly in order not to disgrace myself.

Just at that moment the Empress came out of her study, and, seeing me indulging in such a violent

fit of merriment, began to laugh herself, inquiring the cause of my amusement. But I was beyond replying, and could only motion to the *salon* where Mme. de Wagner was. There the Empress found her standing before a mirror, rearranging her ridiculous coiffure with the most affected gestures. This time her Majesty was really annoyed.

"Go," she said to me, "and tell Mme. de Wagner from me, that I desire her at once to remove that wig."

I recovered myself a little and begged the Empress to spare me the delivery of such a message, for I knew that I could not contain myself sufficiently to give it with becoming gravity.

"Go, go!" her Majesty replied. "I desire it, and hope I shall never again witness such a thing; it is sufficient to cover my household with ridicule should any one see it." And the Empress, really angry, re-entered her study.

Very fortunately M. de Piennes, the gentleman in waiting, came to my relief. The Marquis de Piennes was one of the kindest-hearted men I ever knew. He was a person of extreme worth and intellect, whose manner was somewhat crusty, though it did not detract in the least from his really fine qualities. He persuaded Mme. de Wagner to listen to reason,

which was a somewhat difficult matter, as she had no misgivings as to her appearance, having counted on an immense success. He replaced her bonnet on the infantine curls and sent her gently away, having made her promise to return the wig. The next day the good countess reappeared with her ordinary brown locks. She had an extraordinarily large correspondence, and spent most of her time at the Tuileries in writing to her various friends. One day, while she was absorbed in writing, the Empress stole up behind her and read over her shoulder:

"There has been a great mortality among the senators this year; if I only might be allowed to replace one of them!"

"Go and ask the Emperor to permit you to do so," said the Empress to her.

And she went in all seriousness, thereby greatly amusing his Majesty. Her position was a sinecure; she wrote letters and awaited the pleasure of the Empress until the arrival of the ladies in waiting, who came at about two o'clock. Happily for herself the poor lady died before the war, and Mme. Lebreton, sister of General Bourbaki, who still continues with her Majesty, replaced her.

Before my arrival no woman save Mme. Pollet and the servants lived in the Tuileries, at least in

that part between the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* and the *Pavillon de Flore*, which formed the private dwelling of their Majesties.

The Emperor's apartments commanded a view of the garden, while those of the Prince Imperial looked out upon the Place du Carrousel. Those of the Empress were on the first floor above the garden, over the Emperor's suite. They ran parallel to the reception rooms, which extended from the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* to the *Galerie de Diane*, looking toward the Seine. A partial restoration of them had been begun at the time of the Empress's marriage and was finished by his Majesty in 1858.

A grand staircase with three landings and guarded by a balustrade of wrought iron ascended from the vestibule upon which the Emperor's apartments opened, and which was situated under the arch on the left of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge.* This staircase was lighted on the first floor by two large windows which were duplicated above. Its white marble steps were covered by a red and blue Turkey carpet and its sides were decorated with old tapestries representing the nymph Daphne as she is about being transformed into the laurel. One could see the long branches beginning to sprout from her finger-tips and the bark already covering

her slender body. In the first turning at the foot of the stairs had been placed a remarkable bit of marble statuary representing a bull of the Roman Campagna, half life size.

The windows were protected from the sun by flower-painted blinds, and on the right of the top of the staircase a double folding door opened directly into the *Salle des Maréchaux.*

On the left were the private apartments of the Empress, which consisted of a suite of ten rooms, overlooking the garden. One first entered a waiting-room furnished with a single window, which was the *salon* devoted to the ushers. This was usually tenanted by M. Bignet, her Majesty's head usher, an excellent person who acquitted himself of his delicate duties with a mute and respectful zeal. He directed the internal administration of the palace, and received his orders directly from the Empress. We used to call him the thirteenth lady in waiting.

Indeed, it often happened that when her ladies were absent, M. Bignet took it upon himself to acquaint her Majesty with such and such an incident which had occurred, and of which it was necessary that she should be promptly informed. He reminded us of the dates of the audiences and the

names of the persons expected to be present, having possession of the register in which they were inscribed. He was wonderfully exact in all his duties, and though his discretion was above reproach, yet by reason of his methodical habits he unconsciously furnished us with all sorts of petty information. So it happened that we often learned through him of the yet unannounced movements and flittings of the court, drawing our information from his actions.

For instance, whenever the Empress took a journey, she carried with her a little silver tea-caddy, which had belonged to a service of Napoleon I., and two little silver owls, used as salt-shakers. When these objects were absent from the tea-table, which was regularly brought into the *salon* every evening, it was a sure indication that a visit was in contemplation—Bignet had packed them. Sometimes the caddy and owls reappeared, and then we knew that the plans had been changed. He was generally sent by the Empress to warn the Emperor that she was ready to go out, or that she was about to enter the *salons;* in fact, all the trifling communications which required an intermediary between her Majesty and the Emperor, the Prince Imperial, or any one in the palace, were confided to him.

He was thoroughly familiar with every article belonging to the Empress, and could tell their whereabouts more precisely than any one else.

Bignet followed the Empress into exile, and his daughter was among her Majesty's women of the chamber. The poor man left the Tuileries on the 4th of September, and died in England, inconsolable at the fall of the empire.

The Empress's ushers, three in number, were changed daily. They wore brown coats *à la Française* and knee-breeches adorned with silver embroidery, black silk stockings with buckled shoes, and the silver chain which was their badge of office.

Besides the usher on duty, two footmen always waited in the antechamber.

The next room was the *salon* belonging to the ladies in waiting. It was painted in fresco. Upon a sea-green background were raised fine arabesques in different shades of the same color; the ceiling represented a huge basket of flowers, and upon the frieze were painted birds and blossoms. The mantels, bronzes, and furnishing were very elegant, being in the purest style of the time of Louis XVI. The gilded furniture was covered with exquisite Gobelin tapestries, representing bouquets of huge flowers embroidered on a white ground, finished

with a light brown border of designs worked in gold thread. Here the ladies established themselves when on duty, with their work, correspondence, or books, which were kept in an inlaid cabinet between the windows.

The next *salon* was similar to this, with rose-colored decorations in which quantities of flowers were mingled. The ceiling, painted by Chaplin, was remarkably beautiful and represented the triumph of Flora. Here persons expecting an audience awaited the imperial summons. The furniture in this apartment was likewise covered with tapestry—flowers on a white ground with rose-colored borders.

The third *salon* was blue; and here the Empress had been pleased to place above the doors portraits of the prettiest women who surrounded her. Each represented in her costume one of the great powers of Europe.

The young Princesse Anna Murat, still quite a child, notwithstanding the precocious development of her beauty, lent the freshness of her blonde brilliancy and the delicacy of her lovely features to the representation of the daughters of England; the Duchesse de Malakoff, the purest type of Andalusian beauty, wore the traditional mantilla and scar-

let flower of the women of Granada; the Duchesse de Morny, that young and aristocratic foreigner, ravished from the court of Russia by our ambassador who represented France so brilliantly at the coronation of the Czar Alexander II., showed her charming face, with its snowy tint, and her wonderful hair, which seemed dusted with silver, beneath the national head-dress. The fair Comtesse Walewska was in Florentine costume. The sweet and charming Duchesse de Cadore wore the Oriental turban of Haydée; and the Duchesse de Persigny, fair as a goddess, concluded a collection of beauty worthy to surround an Empress whose incomparable profile was suspended from the middle of the arch in a medallion supported by allegorical figures.

Until recently one could distinguish through the wide, gaping windows of the ruined Tuileries some remnants of art which fire and the outrages of time seemed to have respected. One could discover in the Empress's apartments, beneath the crumbling cornices, dim traces of delicate female profiles. Faint shadows as they were, they yet seemed to retain, amid the desolate ruins, a suggestion of the grace, elegance, and beauty which for so many years distinguished the court of France among those of the whole world.

It was in the blue *salon* that the Empress gave audiences.

The long, deep windows of all the *salons* were garnished with tapestry lambrequins corresponding to the furniture, and with immense white satin curtains. In order to soften the light and yet preserve the view of the garden, the panes were shaded by little blinds made of dark blue gauze. Every object in these apartments had been chosen with the most exquisite taste. There were clocks, vases, candlesticks, and marvelous bronzes decorating the costly inlaid cabinets. Upon the occasions of the small private balls which her Majesty gave in the spring-time, she received in these *salons* which opened into the state apartments, and, heightened as they then were by the brilliant illumination and the profuse floral decorations, their delicate beauty seemed worthy of a fairy palace.

VI.

Next to the blue *salon* came the Empress's study, which was her real home—wherein she had collected all her personal souvenirs and where she passed many lonely moments. With the exception of a few privileged friends, no one intruded upon her there.

It was there she worked, read, and arranged her papers—those famous papers of the Tuileries of which so few have been recovered. The Empress, at the time of the invasion of Paris when the siege was determined on, took precaution to send them on board the royal squadron, together with the *chefs-d'œuvre* from the Louvre, which thus would still have been preserved to France, even if the designs of the Commune to burn all our palaces had been realized. After the 4th of September the papers were returned to the Empress in England. All of any importance had therefore been for some time in safety when it occurred to the National De-

fense to seize and publish the imperial correspondence.

The arrangement of these papers was one of the principal occupations of the Empress's life, as they were so numerous that they required incessant labor to classify them. In them the Empress possesses a curious collection of documents. In a certain way they are the most vivid history of our time, and comprise letters from sovereigns, diplomats, statesmen, generals, authors, and *savants*. Many of those who to-day pride themselves upon their independence of action toward the empire would be sadly embarrassed by having thrust before their eyes communications overflowing with eloquent gratitude to its chief representative for favors accorded them, for services rendered, for benefits bestowed; all of which, though the recollection may have escaped their feeble memories, are indelibly recorded upon simple bits of paper, which will, however, be amply sufficient as testimony to posterity.

The Empress, through her feminine intuition, divined of what importance these papers might some day become; and as the Emperor, indifferent to trifles, threw them carelessly aside, she collected all that she could of these waifs. To-day they form a

monument where, as at the Tower of Babel, all tongues are spoken and all human weaknesses exposed.

The Emperor often laughed at what he chose to call the Empress's mania for collecting these papers, and even her Majesty herself jested about it.

"I am like a mouse at the Emperor's side," she would say, "picking up all the crumbs he lets fall."

During the Commune, after the war, when the violent rage of unbridled passion was directed against the empire, when the most unjust and unfounded accusations were raised against the Emperor, it would have been a simple matter to have confounded many of the most ardent of his detractors by merely unfolding these packages of papers, for many of them bear names whose owner's shame it was to have dared to conspire with adversaries of the empire in bringing against his Majesty the most false and odious calumniations. But of descending to such a thing the Emperor never dreamed. He had all the disdain of a great nature for what was small and cowardly. His memory is ennobled by such a course of action.

The character of her Majesty's study was quite different from that of the preceding rooms. In it

one divined the private life of the sovereign, and could form a pretty correct estimate of her habits, tastes, and occupations. No one understood better than she the art of interior arrangement, and like all those who love their homes she enjoyed surrounding herself with every variety of object hallowed by the charm of association. Therefore her Majesty had collected in this apartment all her souvenirs, everything that she loved to have about her, the thousand and one trifles necessary to her convenience and happiness. Her taste had directed the entire furnishing; she had carried out her own ideas and designs, combining shades and arranging the furniture with the most exquisite taste and the fullest comprehension of the comfortable.

Hangings of dull India silk with wide satin stripes of soft, pale green gave to the room a home-like aspect, and threw into admirable relief the pictures which adorned the walls; while the luxuriously stuffed furniture and curtains of crimson satin gave a most happy relief to the somewhat somber character of the hangings. The doors and windows were of mahogany ornamented with beautiful fastenings of wrought bronze. The red marble mantel, sustained by artistically molded bronzes, supported a female figure in white marble called

"L'Étoile," a most exquisite and celebrated work of art. It represented a graceful young form cast in charming lines. With her head slightly bent upon her upraised arms and a star on her brow, she seemed about to spring into the air, while a Cupid gracefully reclining at her feet held aloft a flaming torch.

This statue, rescued from the burning of the Tuileries, belongs to-day to the family of Mme. de Sancy, one of the ladies in waiting of whom her Majesty was especially fond. The Empress gave it to her as a souvenir of her attachment when about to depart for Zululand in 1880, "it being one of my treasures which you most admire, and which I desire to leave in friendly hands."

Two large Chinese vases carved with odd animals and arabesques, standing on either side the statue, were filled with broad green leaves which formed a sort of arch above it. A large sofa facing the mantel stood next a Louis XVI. desk of mahogany mounted in brass. Two tables with covers of green rep, whose embroidered borders had been worked by the Empress herself, stood near by, and with the couch and desk formed a little group occupying the middle of the apartment. A tall eighteenth-century clock in a brass bound mahogany

frame replaced the missing *pendule*, and between the two windows stood a glass case filled with a goodly collection of priceless curiosities and souvenirs. This contained among other things the hat worn by the Emperor when his life was attempted by Orsini, the corals and first toys of the Prince Imperial, and many relics of the Duchesse d'Albe, which were for the most part hidden from view in the crowded space below.

In the corners stood two female figures in light bronze mounted on columns and supporting candelabra that served to light the apartment. A great full-length portrait of the Emperor, dressed in black court costume, painted by Cabanel, and which was altogether the best likeness ever done of him, hung in the middle of one wall, while the space on the left of the mantel was filled by a fine portrait of the Duchesse d'Albe. Enveloped in a cloud of floating gauze, she looked like a smiling vision of fleeting youth, and often as the Empress stood and studied her sister's beautiful face, her tears would gush forth in irrepressible yearning and regret.

A portrait of the young Princesse Anna Murat, by Winterhalter, hung between the windows. A wide archway draped with Eastern stuff of silken texture, in hues of violet and gold, separated the

Empress's study from a smaller apartment lighted by a solitary window, and on each side of this arch stood a bookcase filled with rare and precious volumes, together with a collection of ancient and valuable manuscripts. Above one of these book-cases was placed one of Hébert's pictures, representing some Italian women drawing water at a well.

The space on the right of the mantel next the windows had been reserved by the Empress for a painting which she had ordered from Cabanel. Her Majesty waited long for the fulfillment of her command, and one day, when the artist presented himself at one of her receptions, she took him into her study and showed him the empty panel where hung the silken cord designed to hold the long-delayed picture.

"This vacant space depresses me," said her Majesty to him, "and I can not bring myself to fill it by any lesser thing than that you have promised me. You must either paint me my picture at once or this cord shall be used to hang you with."

Shortly after, Cabanel sent her a Ruth, exquisitely lovely in her biblical costume, consisting of the long blue tunic which the Fellah women then wore, and the black widow's veil lightly enshrouding her poetical young features. The Empress was

enchanted with it. This took place after my marriage, and her Majesty commissioned me to engage Cabanel to paint my portrait, desiring to see how he would succeed before ordering him to paint her own, which, she said, should be the last she would leave of herself.

Cabanel painted me, but not the Empress; after events precluded the fulfillment of the project. It was a pity, for assuredly he would have executed a work worthy of himself and his noble model, and we should thus have had a really satisfactory souvenir of her Majesty—for none of the Empress's portraits now in existence do her full justice. The grand state portrait of her Majesty, which represents her in her court robes and jeweled diadem, in the midst of all the emblems of royalty—copies of which hung in all the palaces and official residences—is marked by a sort of stiffness which spoils the resemblance. It possesses, indeed, her charming features, her clear coloring, and the noble grace of her beautiful figure; but whereas the Empress was, above everything else, animated and sparkling, the frigidity and immobility of expression which characterize this picture recall absolutely nothing of the personality it is intended to represent. This was painted by Winterhalter.

They have endeavored to reproduce the Empress's beauty in a hundred different fashions; painting, sculpture, and engraving have each tried their skill upon her, and have failed equally. The truth is that there was something about her Majesty which was fugitive and baffling; a mobility of expression, an animation of manner, which defied all interpretation.

Another portrait, also painted by Winterhalter, and representing the Empress in profile and draped in a blue burnous, with pearls about her throat and her hair falling in careless ringlets upon her neck, is a much better likeness, the best perhaps in existence; but this is only a mere study. A copy of this was done by the artist himself for the Comtesse de Montijo. On the eve of her departure for Zululand, after her son's death, the Empress gave to M. Rouher a portrait in which she was represented in a sitting attitude, with purple iris in her hair. This has been often copied.

Another portrait, surmounted by the imperial coat of arms, shows the Empress dressed in black and wearing a diadem, while a long white veil floats about her. This was executed for the Duchesse d'Albe, and is one of the most successful likenesses of the Empress. It is now in the D'Albe

palace at Madrid. There is still another which was saved from the conflagration at Saint-Cloud, and which I had always coveted; this her Majesty gave me in Camden Place, in 1880, as she was about to set out for Zululand. It is a tiny canvas, painted by Boulanger, in 1860, and represents the Empress seated, and wearing the Fellah costume, with an Egyptian turban of red ibis. It reproduces more successfully than all the state portraits the Empress's peculiar expression and the partially veiled and mysterious look in her large blue eyes.

Most of the paintings and busts have a composed and rigid expression which forbids all resemblance to her Majesty. The bust made by Comte de Niewerkerke, the worthy Superintendent des Beaux Arts, though a trifle lacking in animation, is yet most spirited and graceful, besides being a very fair likeness.

The Empress usually occupied a low *fauteuil*, withdrawn a little into the shadow, near the mantel, with her feet resting on a small hassock; a low silken screen sheltered her from draughts. At her left hand, in the chimney-corner, stood a little ebony table covered with papers; on this were placed her blotting-case and inkstand, the latter being of the severe style pertaining to offices—a porcelain well

surrounded by a moist sponge and bearing an equipment of goose-quills—writing implements which are seldom used nowadays. Her Majesty always wrote on her lap, very rapidly, and in a large, well-formed, and extremely legible hand. At her right stood a small, round library table, on which lay her favorite books.

A large table occupied a place near the second window, and was partially concealed by a gilded bamboo screen covered with ivy, rooted in a *jardinière* filled with flowers. This screen formed a partition, isolating from the rest of the apartment this table, which was covered with albums, drawing-paper, and color boxes. The Empress was a skillful designer and painted well in water-colors. This talent was of excellent service to her in drawing plans for reconstruction or refurnishing, work in which she loved to indulge her taste.

The alcove was decorated after the same style as the study, and had a mantel opposite the window. Here were other book-cases, filled with classical works selected from the masterpieces of French, English, Spanish, and Italian literature. The Empress spoke all of these languages with equal facility. Above the book-shelves were ranged statuettes, busts, vases, and a collection of small pictures,

each of which was a gem. Among them were some priceless Wouvermans which her Majesty valued highly; a tiny white marble statue, deliciously draped, stood in the middle of a round *jardinière* placed before the window; upon the various tables were scattered pictures, photographs of the Emperor, of the Prince Imperial at different ages, and of the persons to whom the Empress was attached. A miniature of the Comte de Montijo, though the features were partially obscured by a black bandage bound across his face to conceal a wound which he had received in the service of France during the wars of the first empire, yet bore a striking resemblance to the Empress. He had the same noble cast of countenance, the same brilliant coloring, and the same golden hair.

One could also see here pictures of her Majesty's mother and a miniature of the Queen of Holland, with whom the Empress kept up a very warm correspondence. Queen Sophie, Princesse de Wurtemberg, was cousin-german to Prince Napoléon and the Princesse Mathilde, through Queen Catherine of Wurtemberg, wife of King Jerome. She was a person of eminent intellectual endowments, thoroughly versed in the science of European politics. Her letters—still preserved by the Empress—

are wonderfully interesting, She spoke several languages, and expressed herself in the purest and most elegant French. Though exceedingly amiable, affectionate, and warm-hearted, the queen led a life of strict retirement in Holland. She wrote often and elaborately to the Empress, whose replies were warmly welcomed by her, containing as they did all the Parisian news and gossip—interesting reading to a person in her somewhat isolated condition, and of which she showed her appreciation by immediately sitting down, upon receipt of an epistle from her Majesty, and answering it. This rather troubled the Empress, who reproached herself with not prosecuting the correspondence with the same fervor.

The Queen of Holland was a woman of great worth. She still retained traces of beauty, such as a fine figure, a remarkably attractive face, and beautiful golden-brown hair, which she continued to wear in ringlets, though this style of coiffure had long gone out of fashion.

The Queen, whose subsidies were reduced by her husband, the King of Holland, to the smallest minimum, traveled in no state, being generally accompanied by a single old lady of honor, who was, however, most devoted to her. These journeys,

which she made for the purpose of visiting the different sovereigns or allied princes, were her greatest pleasure in life. She came as often as she could to Paris, where she preferred to remain *incognito*, somewhat dreading, perhaps, the obligations and restraint of etiquette. I have often seen her, after an interval of several years, reappear in the same dress of cherry-colored silk, which threw into strong relief the brilliant tints of her pink and white complexion. She gave some variety to the gown by occasionally substituting trimmings of white for those of black lace.

Queen Sophie nobly fulfilled her obligations as sovereign. Having renounced for herself all the appanage and luxury of royalty, she consecrated to works of charity and benevolence the slender resources which the King left at her command. She was mother of the Prince of Orange, who, with his blonde hair, fair skin, and regular features, strongly resembled her. He was far better than his reputation in certain Parisian circles, where his name had been freely travestied by the Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, in consequence of his conduct at one of the little suppers in which young men are wont to indulge, and where the prince unfortunately permitted himself to become rather too

buoyant. In the gay world he was called "Prince Citron."

He was extremely kind-hearted and was greatly beloved in his own country, where he might have become a most distinguished prince had it not been for his father's harsh and distrustful treatment of him—the King being unnaturally jealous of any manifestation toward his son. The discomfort and wretchedness of his home life threw him back upon the distractions of an aimless, idle existence, which robbed him not only of his dignity, but eventually and prematurely of his life.

Whenever she visited Paris, the Queen besought the Empress to seek to withhold her son from evil influences. She comprehended how impossible existence was for him at the Hague with his father, and mourned terribly the lad's deplorably wasted life. She had the misfortune of surviving him. A second son still remained to her, Prince Alexandre, but he, alas! died in his turn. This unfortunate prince was deformed and very infirm, and the Queen devoted most of her time to tenderly caring for and ministering to him.

The Prince of Orange was one of the first to present his respects to the Emperor and Empress in their exile at Chiselhurst. This he did in defiance

of the formally expressed wish of the King, whose violent displeasure he anticipated, knowing that his father feared that any manifestation of sympathy for the dethroned monarch would entangle him in difficulties with the Prussian Government.

The name of the Prince of Orange has always been associated with a Parisian adventure, of which, however, he was not the hero. A very pretty young woman, belonging to commercial circles, was surprised by her husband in a fashionable *cabaret*, in the company of a prince of the blood royal, enjoying a most delightful supper. Her partner, embarrassed at the thought of hearing his name associated with an affair of this kind, which would furnish amusement to the whole of Paris—the woman, aided by the people of the house, had made her escape dressed as a scullery-maid—confided his difficulty to the Prince of Orange, whom chance had brought to the same rendezvous. The latter generously assumed the credit of the adventure in the place of the actual culprit, considering that, as he was unmarried, his affairs of gallantry could not offend any one. Thus he gained the name of the affair without having had the game.

Being an exile from his own country and the sport of caprice and idleness, he rapidly drifted

downward from sheer unconcern and lack of ambition. He was very bashful, and was characterized by a little guttural peculiarity which affected his speech, although this quite disappeared when he was at his ease. He appeared most grateful for good advice, and even confessed that he felt little pleasure or satisfaction in a life of dissipation. He was at bottom a good-hearted, sensible, and amiable man, even disposed to melancholy, who, having been thrust from his proper sphere, endeavored to stifle his natural self by wearisome and worthless indulgences.

On leaving her Majesty's study, one crossed an antechamber whose sole illumination came from a hanging lamp which was always kept burning. The little staircase descending to the Emperor's apartments led from this room; and here, also, was stationed the cupboard containing the imperial correspondence. On opening a closet door in the wainscoting, a large number of pigeon-holes were disclosed, marked with letters and numbers and filled with packets of alphabetically arranged papers.

Very soon after my arrival at the Tuileries the Empress instructed me in this work, and almost every day I spent several hours in her study, classifying, cataloguing, and recording this immense cor-

respondence, which had accumulated since the time of Napoleon I. It has greatly increased since the events of the war, the Commune, the exile and death of the Emperor, and the tragic end of the Prince Imperial.

The Empress has preserved copies of all her son's letters; his correspondence with men of politics and with his friends, in which he shared with them his hopes and ambitions; his very interesting essays upon historical subjects, and his views regarding political matters; in all of which one can discern the energy, decision of character, ardent patriotism, and high aspirations of this young prince, who was so remarkably endowed, and who seemed created to regenerate and elevate his country.

Completely devoted to the memory of her adorable son as she is, will the Empress decide to publish these relics? Will she have the courage to open the sanctuary of her maternal and unassuageable grief in order to deliver up to the public appreciation all that is left us of that pure, lofty, and wonderfully mature young soul? As a sovereign desirous of impressing the world with a knowledge of the worth and nobility of a prince of her own blood, whose fate will perhaps weigh so heavily on the future of France, will she find strength to overcome

her maternal jealousy of all that touches her son's private life, and share these souvenirs with that world? Should we, ought we ask it? Can we desire to add one drop more of bitterness to her cup of gall?

After crossing this small, dark antechamber, one entered an immense room, lighted by three long windows opening upon a balcony. This was the Empress's dressing-room. It was surrounded by huge mirrors which gave back reflections upon every side. Washstands, a concealed bath-tub, which, unlike that of M. Gambetta at the Presidency, was not made of silver—a large dressing-table of lace garnished with ribbon, on which stood a magnificent silver-gilt dressing-case, a souvenir of Queen Hortense; tables, chairs of every variety, light chests for holding dresses—everything, in fact, which could minister to the comfort and requirements of an elegant woman of the world had a place there. A huge white satin *corbeille*, which, filled with flowers, had been presented to her on her wedding-day by the market-women of Paris, and which she prized very highly, was used to contain her linen and various toilet articles.

Previous to my going to the palace I had heard that the Empress, having been very ill at the birth

of the Prince Imperial, had remained for some time afterward in such a delicate condition that she was obliged to wear under her dress a steel corset, and that to save her the fatigue of standing during the operations of her toilet there had been arranged a method of lowering her dresses from the ceiling, in such a fashion that, as she stood beneath, her gown and all her skirts, which at that time were exceedingly numerous, could be together placed upon her figure, thus accomplishing her toilet at a single stroke—quite like a transformation scene in a fairy pantomime.

The first time that I had occasion to assist at the Empress's toilet, which afterward became an event of frequent occurrence, I saw a sort of small elevator, which was usually concealed by the decoration of the ceiling, detach itself from above and descend over our heads. This, I learned, was used by her Majesty's tire-women to lower the garments required for her toilet, and thus do away with constant running up and down stairs, which, as the private staircase was extremely narrow, would have crushed and rumpled the delicate garments.

I could not refrain from smiling as I looked at the little lift, and greatly amused the Empress by recounting the fable to which it had given rise. She

remarked to me that the public imagination was only too fertile when it dealt with persons of high rank, and that a very small grain of truth sufficed as groundwork for monstrous and sometimes dangerous fabrications.

Thanks to this clever bit of mechanism and a speaking-tube connecting with the apartments of her tire-women, her Majesty's toilet could be promptly and easily conducted. But it was none the less true that the Empress's health had indeed been severely tested at the time of her son's birth, which had nearly cost her her life.

In the early months of her marriage she had had two miscarriages, and possibly these accidents had rendered her final *accouchement* more difficult; perhaps also the physicians in charge, burdened with the heavy responsibility which weighed upon them, were not as considerate of her safety as they would have been of that of other women. This is often the case with royal mothers; state reasons direct every event in their lives. The hope of giving an ardently desired heir to the Emperor caused the physicians to assume greater risks with the Empress than they would have employed with an ordinary woman. At all events, they allowed her to suffer for three days and nights, and finally in-

formed the Emperor of the necessity of having recourse to an operation, which they had deferred, fearing to compromise the life of the child.

"Consider the Empress only," said his Majesty.

As every minute was of vital importance, they acted with such extreme hastiness that the Empress purchased her child's life at the cost of a terrible strain upon her own strength. But finally her health became quite restored, and I know few women so capable of enduring fatigue and emotion of every kind as she.

A small apartment, lighted by a single window, separated the dressing-room from the sleeping-room. This was divided into two parts by a partition decorated with paintings on a gold background, behind which was concealed the private oratory of the Empress. The partition was usually kept closed, but opened for divine service by means of two folding doors. It was there that the Empress generally heard mass; it was there that she performed her daily devotions and accomplished her religious duties, preferring to be alone at her prayers; it was there that the Prince Imperial was prepared by Abbé Déguerry for his first communion; and it was there that for the last time, on the 4th of September, 1870, the Empress Eugénie heard mass at

the palace of the Tuileries. It was from that tiny, narrow chapel, from the breaking heart of a sovereign exposed to the blind fury of an excited populace, from the soul of a woman wounded in her wifely pride and her maternal ambitions, that arose the last prayer to God from the depths of that palace of our kings, that silent witness of so many *fêtes*, of so much grandeur, of such bitter mourning, and of such overwhelming defeats; it was from a royal spirit in distress that was sent forth that supreme cry to an overruling Providence.

Since the time of Marie-Antoinette, the daughter of Maria-Theresa—that beautiful young archduchess who was confided to our keeping as one of the fairest jewels in the imperial crown of Austria, that proud and happy-hearted young dauphine whose arrival in France was hailed by a people captivated by her youthful loveliness and grace, and whose sorrows dated from the moment a royal diadem touched her charming brow—since her tragic end, what a series of misfortunes has pursued all those who, happy, beloved, and prosperous, have crossed the threshold of that ill-fated palace! As its queen, overwhelmed with insults, outraged in every sentiment of her character as wife and mother, she finally left the shadow of its direful portals for

the Temple, the Conciergerie, and, at last, the scaffold.

The Empress Josephine, the unfortunate heroine of one of the fairest romances the world has ever read, that shamefully abandoned wife, departed from the palace where she had hitherto beheld the world cringing at her feet, to fly and hide her shame and mortification in the solitudes of Malmaison. Another archduchess came to us. Marie-Louise traversed for a while the spacious *salons* of the Tuileries; then a tempest whirled her from her high position and sent her to die with her son in the bitter loneliness of exile.

The Princess Caroline of Naples, Duchesse de Berry, that delicate and gracious dauphine who yet led a troop of heroes in La Vendée, saw, within the short period of a few years, her husband perish beneath the assassin's knife and her son despoiled of his birthright.

The Princesse Hélène de Mecklenburg, Duchesse d'Orléans, widowed at thirty of an adoring husband who perished miserably "because a postilion had dropped his rein," as Alfred de Musset says in one of his poetical outbursts—the victim of another revolution, was obliged to bring up her two children in exile.

The white hairs of Marie-Amélie could not preserve her from the inexorable wheel of Fate. With her noble brow adorned by every virtue pertaining to a sovereign and mother, she seemed, above all others, qualified to keep her place upon the throne until death should deprive her of it; and yet, when nearly a septuagenarian, she too was driven from her country. In her exile at Claremont she became the support of a stricken and enfeebled husband, and her tender care and sympathy enveloped the last days of Louis-Philippe with all the comfort and consolation which a tender Christian soul could bestow.

And lastly the Empress Eugénie. Each of these ill-fated names evokes a bloody epoch, wherein the most dissimilar destinies have met upon a common ground of misfortune. Were the tears shed by all these princesses a necessary and natural expiation, or did the mysterious and baleful spirit of Catherine de Medicis, the founder of the Tuileries, attach a strange and ill-omened fatality to the stones of this palace?

The Tuileries is destroyed. Nothing now remains of that wondrous *chef-d'œuvre* of Jean Bullant and Philibert Delorme which was so enriched and adorned by the succession of kings who occu-

pied it from the time of its foundation. A mournful group of graceful, weeping figures hovers about and immortalizes the memory of this palace, of this shrine of innumerable marvels of human genius, and glories in the destruction which overtook it in the midst of a flood of outrages worthy of a savage people, and whose atrocities caused a civilized world to shudder with horror.

The bed-chamber of the Empress was very different in character from the rest of her private apartments, whose luxury and elegance yet bore the stamp of her individuality. This was unmistakably the chamber of royalty; a vast chamber of state, spacious and stately beneath its heavily gilded moldings which served to frame ancient allegorical paintings. The bed, with its costly hangings elevated upon a raised platform, seemed rather a sort of throne erected for the purpose of receiving the homage of a people glorying in the birth of a royal heir, than an asylum of rest. Surely one could not sleep there as sweetly as beneath the curtains of a humble couch!

The Empress never sat in her sleeping-apartment. There one could see the vase, sent by his Holiness Pope Pius IX. to the Empress upon the birth of the Prince Imperial, whose godfather he

was, the Queen of Sweden being godmother. In a golden vase stood a somewhat elongated bouquet, much like those which are used for the decoration of altars, composed of finely wrought golden flowers and leaves. It was the symbolical and blessed gift which the Sovereign Pontiff was in the habit of sending to his godchildren upon the occasion of their baptism and which represented many indulgences. Every year on Palm Sunday the Empress received from the Holy Father at Rome a palm-branch blessed by him, which was hung at the head of her bed.

In 1868, finding herself somewhat cramped for room in her study, which she enjoyed above all her other apartments, the Empress moved the appointments of her dressing-room to her bed-chamber and turned the former into a most enchanting *salon* much more commodious than her study and adorned with all the artistic beauty of modern taste and skill.

Exceedingly few persons ever crossed the threshold of this asylum, which the Empress, feeling an increasing need of retirement and already beginning to hear the dread mutterings of impending disaster, had enjoyed converting into a most delicious retreat.

In his "Souvenirs d'un Officier d'Ordonnance," M. d'Hérisson speaks of the Empress's apartments, of which he evidently made a hasty survey, and of which he apparently did not retain a very flattering impression.

On the 4th of September these apartments, as was usually the case in the absence of the Empress, were enveloped in hangings and coverings of lilac chintz in order to preserve their freshness; the pictures and ornaments were all covered, and all the little articles of personal use, which give a home-like aspect and charm to the rooms of house or palace, had been removed.

When war was declared the household was at Saint-Cloud, and it was from Saint-Cloud that the Emperor departed. At the news of the first defeats the Empress returned in great haste to the Tuileries, and so occupied was she with graver concerns that she never thought to order the removal of the coverings. Therefore, M. d'Hérisson only saw a sort of suite of lumber-rooms rendered especially unattractive by the harsh, glaring quality of the chintz, which now has gone out of use, but which was then selected because its glaze shed the dust. It was certainly a singular upholstery for a palace, and doubtless explains the unfavorable impression which

he received. The only explanation of the idea which he retained and promulgated concerning the bad taste displayed in the Empress's apartments lies in the fact that he never really saw them.

Above her Majesty's suite were some exceedingly low chambers looking out upon the garden, whose tiny little windows, square as loop-holes, presented, above the elegant colonnade of the palace, a sufficiently odd appearance. Here were situated the very comfortable rooms of Mme. Pollet and the women of the household; here also was kept her Majesty's wardrobe. The little private staircase leading from the Emperor's apartments led thither and had no other communication with the rest of the palace.

The rooms containing the Empress's wardrobe and the suite belonging to Mme. Pollet had another outlet upon a different staircase. Great oaken chests ran the entire length of these chambers, and contained the Empress's dresses, linen, hats, bonnets, and, in fact, nearly all her apparel.

There has been a great deal of hot indignation and exaggeration wasted upon her Majesty's extravagant fondness for luxury and dress; but luxury is the necessary appanage of royalty, and a taste for dress is the natural privilege of cultivated and beau-

tiful women. Elegance of apparel is of primary importance in the appearance of all women, and though a sovereign may be accused by petty minds of too great variety and richness of attire, the majority would find cause for complaint in a lack of adornment inconsistent with the taste and requirements of the age.

It is an incontrovertible fact that the luxury of the wealthy creates the comfort of the poor; such a law is the real sumptuary tax, and one of the first principles of political economy. Even as far back as the time of Saint-Louis, princes encouraged luxury and display in order to help the sale of the various industries and to furnish employment to the great class of artisans and working-people. The distance between the simple truth and the popular impression that the Empress never wore the same robe twice, that every day gave rise to a new caprice, and that her time was spent in frivolous occupations, was a wide one.

In her private life at the Tuileries, as well as elsewhere, the Empress dressed most simply, with much less elegance than most young women of the present day display in their own homes. Her ordinary attire was black silk or cloth, made plainly and with little trimming. When she drove out in

Paris she added a very handsome mantle and a pretty, becoming bonnet or hat; and those who saw her pass in her carriage drawn by four horses, with its two little jockeys in perfectly correct livery, preceded by an outrider in the imperial livery, might have imagined her magnificently arrayed, whereas in reality she preferred, like all really sensible women, to dress in a practical and comfortable manner. It was thus that I always saw her attired.

However, the fashion in the early days of the empire was a most singular and striking one. Fashionable women of to-day, who sheathe their slender limbs in straight, scant draperies, would shudder in horror at the thought of enveloping themselves in such voluminous widths of material, outspread upon the huge steel cages whose proportions scarcely admitted of three women sitting at ease in a medium-sized boudoir. These skirts were decorated with innumerable flounces, fringes, laces, and ruchings, all ending in an immense train, which it required the greatest skill to manage in the crowded *salons*. It was a commingling of all styles. Draperies *à la grecque* were disposed upon paniers of Louis XVI.'s time, and the *basquines* of the Amazons of *La Fronde* were supplemented by the flowing sleeves of the Renaissance.

This oddly assorted toilet perhaps made it more difficult to appear charming then than now, when the style is adapted to heighten all the natural charms of its votaries, and it required all the grace which proceeds from perfection of form and habit of observation to cope with the difficulties which impeded an easy carriage, a gliding gait, and freedom of movement. It is only necessary to glance at the engravings of that day to appreciate this; it needs but a slight accentuation of feature to make actual caricatures of the persons therein portrayed. Distinction of manner and bearing, that elegant quality of breeding that we so seldom remark nowadays, established an absolute line of caste among the different social classes.

From childhood young girls of high birth were taught a certain dignity of movement, a refinement of speech and gesture, which prohibited all vulgarity of appearance, and created what is called the heritage of birth—which is, in fact, nothing but a clever feat performed by good taste. I speak of an epoch far remote from the present.

Feminine skill and tact had to be well developed to bear a woman successfully through the ordeal imposed by such an absurd fashion. To walk, encumbered by this vast amplitude of dress which im-

peded every movement, was anything but easy, while the slender bust, placed in the midst of these far-spreading billows, seemed to have no connection with the rest of the body; to sit down and retain the proper adjustment of all the mutinous flounces and furbelows was an almost miraculous feat of precision; to mount into a vehicle without crushing the masses of light and airy tissues, at a time when almost all evening toilets were made of tulle and lace, was a work of time exacting much patience on the part of horses, husbands, and fathers, the good-nature of the two latter classes of individuals being severely tested *en route*, when the slightest movement on their parts might be followed with the most disastrous consequences to their companion's toilet. As to traveling, lying down, embracing one's children, or even taking their hands in walking, these were problems beyond solution.

It was from this time that the custom, so old-fashioned nowadays, of taking a gentleman's arm in the street or *salon* began to fall into desuetude.

Hats were high pyramids covered with flowers and fruit, whose dimensions were out of all proportion to the sizes of the heads they adorned.

Worth finally released grace from its imprisonment within the bounds of the crinoline, and women

of all grades and stations, even those of the peasantry, owe him a debt of gratitude for delivering them from a tyranny that enslaved a whole generation. To the artistic taste of the great milliner, to his intuitive perception of æsthetic elegance, we owe the restoration of grace of attire. Armed with authority, he modified the amplitude of skirts, softened the quality of their fabric, and restored the female body to its original contour by gradual changes until, when I arrived at the court, in 1864, only the smallest hoops were used to sustain the trains, while in the morning straight, narrow skirts permitted one to pursue her avocations or to walk in the streets without being hampered with the fear of the direful catastrophes which frequently attended the most careful manipulation of those horrible bell-like hoops.

In her turn, Mme. Virot transformed the bonnets. She released the neck by suppressing the ugly frills which fell from the edge of the bonnet and shrouded the shoulders. Bonnets then became small *capotes* with strings, which showed the hair and framed the face most gracefully.

Worth and Virot have often been the collaborators of our most celebrated artists, and in the beautiful busts and portraits of that day we can distin-

guish the evidences of their talent mingled with the genius of the masters.

At evening entertainments wreaths of flowers added a poetic charm to fair young faces. Women of mature age contented themselves with jewels, save in some exceptional cases where, like Mme. de Wagner, they preserved an eternal freshness of heart. I had the pleasure, on the occasion of a grand ball, of seeing the latter appear in a white tulle dress, garnished with bunches of red ribbons and crowned, like Ophelia, with a wreath of white roses. She was at the time seventy-two and was beaming with gayety. The Empress was terribly chagrined at her appearance, and avoided looking at her throughout the whole evening.

Twice a year the Empress looked over her wardrobe and gave most of the dresses she had worn to her women. This was a considerable source of profit to them. They generally sold them in America, where, it appears, it is the custom in certain circles of society for the women to hire their toilets, which are refitted to the figure for one evening's wearing, and which therefore undergo many and frequent alterations.

In the chambers belonging to her wardrobe, the Empress had established a seamstress, who frequently

fashioned after her directions some of the most exquisite and becoming dresses her Majesty wore. At the beginning of each season the Empress received her trades people, who submitted to her their wares and fashions. She selected the number of toilets she thought requisite, tried them on, and gave them no further consideration, unless some unforeseen circumstance occurred.

At dinner in the evening the Empress was always *décolletée.* When she was *en petit comité* in the winter she usually wore a long dress of dark velvet or of plain white satin relieved by jewels, among which was ever present the emerald cloverleaf, her first present from the Emperor. She loved simplicity, which was most becoming to her.

But reasons of state control sovereigns even in their choice of attire, and the Empress was often obliged to wear heavy Lyons fabrics in order to encourage the silk manufacture, and to adorn herself with passementeries, laces, etc., so that the world should be influenced to patronize these various industries—these her Majesty called her political toilets.

Her foot was wonderfully small, and the shoes which fitted her were only adapted to children's wear. They were generally sent to the Asylum

Eugène-Napoléon, where the Empress supported, at her own expense, three hundred orphans chosen from the poor children of Paris. The tiny white slippers of the sovereign served to adorn the feet of the little ones at their first communion.

The city of Paris had offered the Empress, on the occasion of her marriage, a necklace of great value; but through a motive of pure generosity and benevolence her Majesty had refused the gift, asking the city to consecrate its price to some work which should benefit the Parisian people. With the price of this necklace the Empress founded the Asylum Eugène-Napoléon; but with delicate forethought and in order to show her appreciation of the gift offered her, she directed the architect charged with its construction to give the building the form of a necklace. Therefore in its oval shape and outlying pavilions the plan of the edifice does indeed resemble a necklace with pendants, as it would lie on a person's neck.

The Empress herself superintended the management of this house, which was admirably conducted by nuns. The children were excellently well cared for, each receiving a certain amount of instruction and being taught some manual occupation. Some learned to embroider, some to make artificial flow-

ers, and others to design; the least intelligent could learn sewing and laundry work; all were taught how to manage a modest household, and at the age of twenty-one each received a complete trousseau, the result of her own work, and a small dowry which would enable her either to marry or establish herself, according to her own desire.

The Empress supported this institution at her own expense; she had even contracted an insurance of two million and a half francs upon her life, that she might leave after her death sufficient funds to carry on the beautiful charity. The superior, a most distinguished and intelligent woman, came frequently to see the Empress, and kept her fully informed regarding the institution. Her Majesty often went in person to visit her orphanage, and sometimes, as a great reward, some of the best behaved of the young girls were permitted to come to the Tuileries and help in the sewing.

At the time of the legislative elections in 1869, the Empress, while receiving a visit from the mother superior, endeavored to inform herself during the conversation regarding the disposition of the population of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, within whose precincts the asylum was situated, and which contributed a large number of children

to its care, and sought to discover how the people there were inclined to vote. Unfortunately, the good nun had not a single political idea, as she never even glanced at a newspaper. On leaving the Tuileries, greatly perplexed by the questions her Majesty had put to her, she pondered within herself how she might find means of answering them, she vaguely understanding that a deputy might be nominated inimical to the Emperor's interests. In order to aid in solving the difficulty she decided to buy a journal, a proceeding somewhat at variance with the rules of her order. Hardly had she glanced at the sheet than she hurried back to the Tuileries in the greatest agitation, insisting that she must see the Empress at once on most urgent and important business. The poor woman had bought M. Rochefort's paper and, having read one of the most violent of the articles inspired by the prospect of the coming election, she imagined that she had discovered a plot against the Emperor.

At the time of the siege of Paris all these children were employed in sewing sacks of earth, designed to arm the fortifications. During the Commune, the nuns, who had up to that time been enabled to protect their little ones, received a visit from the delegates of the National Defense, who

ordered them to abandon the institution. They were obliged to depart and, notwithstanding all their entreaties, were only permitted to take with them the youngest members of their flock, the communists desiring to retain possession of the older ones.

As soon as the troops re-entered Paris, the mother superior hastened to the asylum to try and discover what had become of her children. The drunken insurgents had made a place of debauch of the sacred precincts consecrated to the purity and innocence of childhood, and had attainted the unhappy little ones whom they had retained with the most horrible diseases. The good nuns returned to their work, gathered together their desecrated flock, comforted, relieved, and cared for them. Some of these unfortunate little creatures who became mothers were themselves scarce more than children; and yet they were not the daughters of duchesses whom the communists subjected to this outrage.

Few persons have been associated with the Empress throughout her whole life, but among those of a lower grade who have had that privilege Mme. Pollet occupies a prominent place—perhaps chiefly on account of the secret influence attributed to her.

She was blindly devoted to her Majesty, and having entered her service in Spain at a very early age, had continued with her after her marriage, thanks to the Empress's kindness and to that of an officer of infantry, M. Pollet, who became interested in her. Upon her marriage she had received the title of treasurer to her Majesty. She was a delicate, fragile little woman of feeble health, who always believed herself at the point of death and who lived by a strict regimen. She was the only Spaniard in the Empress's service, and spoke French with such a singular accent that it was necessary to become accustomed to her speech before understanding it. She was keen and sharp-witted without being remarkably intelligent, and notwithstanding her humble origin she was not in the least common in manner or appearance, and was very clever in guarding her own interests.

Her old attachment for the Empress in some sort excused and accounted for her jealousy of any encroachments upon her prerogatives—a marked fault in her character for which her Majesty often reproved her, the Empress having no sympathy or patience with domestic quarrels. She was the most timid and weak-minded person whom I ever met. It was only necessary to remark care-

lessly in a brilliantly lighted room, tenanted by several persons, "That curtain is moving," to make her tremble and turn pale; while if the Empress added, "Go, Pepa, and see what is behind the curtain," she could only bring herself to obey with the greatest reluctance, showing meanwhile such demonstrations of terror that her Majesty would be fairly convulsed with laughter. She possessed an awful fear of revolutions, and dreamed of nothing but pillage and murder, yet I verily believe she would have sacrificed her life for the Empress without the slightest hesitation, and knowing this her Majesty loved to have her near her.

She kept all the private accounts, was the medium of communication between the Empress and her trades-people, and maintained a close and strict watch on the women of the household. She was sometimes pretty sharp and severe with them, but, ever active and restless, she was far kinder and more lenient at bottom than her speech and actions testified. Moreover, the gentleness of the Empress, who always addressed her people in the kindest tones and interested herself warmly in their welfare, more than compensated for Mme. Pollet's disagreeable qualities.

Mme. Pollet assisted at her Majesty's toilet

and received her daily orders, besides having charge of the Empress's personal jewels—for the crown jewels, which were only worn on state occasions, were kept at the treasury, whence M. Bure, his Majesty's treasurer, was alone permitted to remove them at the Empress's instigation.

The contents of the Empress's private jewel-casket were exceedingly valuable, numbering among other things a pair of ear-rings which had belonged to Marie-Antoinette, each of which was composed of three great pear-shaped diamonds. The Emperor had purchased them for her at the time of their marriage, together with a necklace of incomparably beautiful pearls, and diadems and necklaces of brilliants. The Empress also possessed for ordinary occasions other valuable pearls and jewels which had been heirlooms in her own family.

Besides these, Mme. Pollet had the care of her Majesty's laces, fans, and, in a word, of all the personal belongings of the Empress. Everything was kept by her in the most perfect order, so perfect, indeed, that it was often difficult to obtain of her what was required.

While Cabanel was painting his admirable portrait of the Emperor—that wonderfully exact and

lifelike resemblance which is by far the best counterfeit presentment of his Majesty in existence—he worked at the Tuileries in a large *atelier* which had been especially designed for the use of artists who might be engaged in similar undertakings. The Emperor posed in evening costume of black silk hose and knee-breeches, with a black coat crossed by the cord of the Legion of Honor. Cabanel desired to incorporate the symbols of royalty in the picture, and the Empress directed him to apply to Mme. Pollet for the needed accessories. He therefore wrote a note asking her for the "Hand of Justice," which he wished to paint in conjunction with the scepter and crown. This note threw her into the greatest agitation.

"He asks me for the 'Hand of Justice'!" she cried, with her peculiar accent. "No, no, indeed, I won't give him the 'Hand of Justice.' Tell him that I won't give it him." Then, turning to me, she asked in a somewhat calmer tone, "But what is this 'Hand of Justice' that he wants?"

I explained to her that it was a decoration, at which she confessed that she had thought it some high position in the magistracy, and that she was determined not to make such a request of her Majesty.

It was foolishly believed that Mme. Pollet exercised great influence over the Empress, and the traditionary power of the Spanish *camarillas* was attributed to her. Persons of high social standing and those of distinguished rank in the Emperor's service actually paid court to her; wives of ministers, generals, and diplomats loaded her with attentions and presents; all of which she accepted equally with the gratuities offered her by tradesmen anxious to obtain the Empress's patronage. But her influence with her Majesty was absolutely *nil*, and as her one thought and aim was to please her mistress, who ever kept her in a subordinate position, she carefully refrained from taking the liberty of chattering to her of any extraneous matters and thus risking the Empress's displeasure.

Observing the friendly and familiar manner in which she was treated by persons of distinction, she long cherished a secret hope of being admitted to the state receptions, but the Empress would not hear of it. Finally, however, when her husband, M. Pollet, who was an excellent officer, was raised in 1869 to the grade of colonel, she succeeded in securing the right, as a colonel's wife, of appearing at some state *fêtes*. Her husband died suddenly

about the time of the war, and she followed the Empress to England.

During her sojourn there she never heard that any one had arrived from France without believing that he had come to announce the restoration of the empire. The climate of England did not agree with her, and she returned to France to recover her health. Here she died alone, and, with the exception of some of the servants of the château, no one who had surrounded her at the Tuileries dreamed of following her to the grave. She never had any children, and left a very pretty fortune to a sister and niece in Spain.

Besides Mme. Pollet, the Empress had two tirewomen in her personal service; these were two sisters, Mlles. Esther and Maria Bayle, exceedingly faithful, intelligent, and presentable women. Their father, the old jailer at the fortress of Ham, had treated the Emperor with the greatest consideration during his captivity, and his Majesty, having become interested in the old man's daughters, engaged them for her Majesty's service at the time of her marriage.

One of them died after an unfortunate marriage, leaving several children, and the other, Mlle. Esther, a most excellent and worthy woman, devoted

herself to the care of her nephews, finally marrying, at the close of the war, M. Thélin, who had been appointed treasurer to his Majesty on the death of M. Bure, the first incumbent.

The Empress herself arranged this marriage. M. Thélin was very well off, but advanced in years and in poor health; and in persuading him to marry Mlle. Esther Bayle, who was herself no longer young, but a most intelligent and experienced person, her Majesty assured a happy conclusion to the life of one of the Emperor's most devoted servants.

M. Thélin had been with the Emperor during his captivity at Ham, and he it was who planned his Majesty's escape, utterly unmindful of the consequences which this event might bring upon himself. I have repeatedly heard the details of this affair from the Emperor's own lips, as he was always most willing to rehearse it. While in confinement he was closely watched, and M. Thélin, of all the persons surrounding him, was alone permitted to go out for the purpose of procuring the articles of which his Majesty stood in need. His proceedings on these occasions were subjected to the strictest surveillance, notwithstanding which he was sufficiently adroit to arrange a method of releasing the Emperor.

He took advantage of the fact that the fortress was undergoing repair and, having won over one of the masons engaged in the work, secured a suit of the man's clothes and smuggled them in to the Emperor. The change of attire was immediately made, and, carrying a plank on his shoulders in such a way as to partially conceal his face, his Majesty calmly walked out of the citadel without being remarked.

"I felt so transformed by my dress," said the Emperor, "that I did not experience the slightest nervousness in passing the different posts until, as I was approaching the last sentinel, the pipe which I was smoking fell to the ground. This accident made a disagreeable impression on me, but rapidly reflecting that the position of the pipe upon the pavement might attract attention, it being quite contrary to custom for a mason to leave his pipe lying about, I stooped and carelessly picked it up."

M. Thélin, who pretended that he was going on some excursion, awaited his Majesty at a given point with a post-chaise, and the latter, who had taken the precaution to shave his mustache, quickly donned an overcoat and hat, while M. Thélin, speeding his horse to its utmost, drove him rapidly to the frontier.

This took place at seven o'clock in the morning.

Meanwhile Dr. Conneau, who also shared the Emperor's captivity at Ham, remained in his Majesty's chamber, where the latter was supposed to be suffering terribly from one of his frequent headaches and trying to gain a little repose after a restless night.

The governor had received the most severe injunctions concerning his prisoner, and was obliged to personally visit him frequently during the day to assure himself of the Emperor's presence. He had already made several calls of inquiry concerning his Majesty, and on each occasion Dr. Conneau had partially opened the door and given him a view of the *soi-disant* Prince, who, in the obscurity of the chamber, seemed to be peacefully sleeping on the bed, having, the doctor said, taken a dose of medicine. The doctor had cleverly arranged a bolster to represent the Prince, and, in order to carry out the deception, he had himself courageously swallowed the draught.

Finally, at about one o'clock in the afternoon, thinking that the fugitive must be beyond the reach of pursuit, the doctor decided to confess all to the governor, who was becoming somewhat suspicious of so prolonged a slumber and who insisted upon entering.

"The Prince has fled," said Dr. Conneau, "and

it is needless for you to endeavor to recapture him. He is in safety, else I should tell you nothing. You may do what you like with me."

In fact, the Emperor had crossed the Belgian frontier, whence he departed for America.

The mason who facilitated his Majesty's escape by surrendering his clothes to him was named Badinguet. He was a workman who had been reared by his father, an old soldier of the grand army, in the worship of the "*légende Napoléonienne.*"

The Emperor often jested about this man's name, which he knew was sometimes applied to himself as a term of derision, though usually people were unaware of the origin of the sobriquet.

"I am not at all annoyed by being called by it," he would say laughingly, "for though it is scarcely the name for a prince, it is nevertheless that of a good man who rendered me a most valuable service."

On learning of the Emperor's escape, the wife of the commandant of the fortress, fearing that the event would compromise her husband's position, broke into bitter lamentations.

"Why should he have wanted to escape," she cried, "when I gave him such splendid soups?"

She had indeed been most considerate of the Prince, whose health frequently suffered from confinement.

The day following that on which Louis Napoléon was elected President for life, the old commandant of Ham, who was with a regiment at Lyons, received an order to report himself immediately at Paris; his wife, greatly agitated by the unexpected summons, accompanied him thither. The Prince greeted them most affectionately, and then announced to the officer that he had appointed him governor of the palace of Saint-Cloud.

"You guarded me so well at Ham," said his Majesty, "that I desire you should also care for my welfare at Saint-Cloud." Then, turning to the lady, he added, "I trust, madame, that you no longer regret the loss of your soups."

The Empress, by a singular chance, saw the Emperor for the first time in 1840, after the Strasbourg affair. The Comtesse de Montijo and her daughters happened to be in Paris at the time, and one day went to call upon Mme. Delessert, wife of the prefect of police, who was occupying the Prefecture with his family.

It was just after the arrest of the Prince, who, having been hurriedly conveyed to Paris, was mo-

mentarily expected at the Prefecture. Mme. Delessert, having been warned of his coming, stationed Mme. de Montijo and her daughters at a window from which they could see the Prince arrive, escorted by an officer of the *gendarmerie* of exceptionally tall stature.

The Prince had all the appearance of a man who had traveled for several nights and who had been unable to effect a change of linen. He left Paris on the same day, still escorted by the same officer, who treated him with the greatest consideration. Observing that the Prince was actually suffering for want of fresh linen, he offered him one of his own shirts, which was so long and large that the Emperor was completely enveloped in it, and, notwithstanding the critical condition in which he found himself, his Majesty could not help being greatly amused by the incident.

When, at the termination of his mission, the officer was about to take leave of his prisoner, the Prince, warmly appreciative of his kindness and at a loss to find means of rewarding it, said to him:

"I have nothing now at my disposal, and yet I am most anxious to present you with some souvenir; will you, then, take this lock of my hair? It is a gift which is usually only bestowed upon one's mis-

tress, but keep it to remember me by—perhaps it will bring you good luck."

Immediately upon his accession to power the Emperor rewarded the officer's kindness by making him governor of the Palace de l'Élysée.

At the time of this incident the Empress was scarcely fourteen. How little any one then supposed that that prisoner and that young child were destined to one day reign together over a great country!

VII.

Dinner at the Tuileries was served at half-past seven. All those who comprised the service of honor to their Majesties assembled a little before that hour in the *Salon d'Apollon*, out of which opened the blue and rose *salons* of the Empress.

This *salon* was one of great magnificence, highly decorated with mythological paintings. The wall at the back represented Apollo seated upon Olympus, surrounded by the nine Muses; upon the very high-studded ceiling was painted, upon a golden background, the chariot of the sun and the other attributes peculiar to the god of day and art.

It was brilliantly illuminated by three great chandeliers filled with candles, as well as by lamps and candelabra.

The *Salon d'Apollon* was situated between the white *salon*, or the *Salon du Premier Consul*—thus named because of its color and the portraits of General Bonaparte which decorated it—and the

throne-room, which it was necessary to cross in order to reach the salon of Louis XIV., which was used as a dining-room.

The furniture of the *Salon d'Apollon* was of gilded wood in the Louis XIV. style, upholstered in red and white figured satin to match the curtains. Consoles, a grand piano, a huge oblong table surrounded by slender chairs, and modern articles of furniture covered with different materials completed the furnishing of the apartment. In the center stood an immense round sofa, a sort of monstrous ottoman, which supported a *jardinière* filled with flowers. Very often of an evening the Prince Imperial and his young friends would use this ottoman for a seat of combat, and no children of their age were ever more joyous and noisy than they.

The persons comprising the daily service of honor were the two ladies in waiting to her Majesty, a general, aide-de-camp to the Emperor—occasionally his Majesty admitted colonels as his aides-de-camp, but it was a most infrequent occurrence—their Majesties' chamberlains and equerries, the prefect of the palace, and two officers of ordnance chosen from among the most distinguished members of the different corps of the army. In case they were not personally known to him the Emperor always se-

lected these officers by referring to their records. They were of the grade of captain, and, after passing two or three years in the Emperor's household, left with promotion to return to their regiments.

Every day the officer on duty, who commanded the guard at the Tuileries, was invited to dine with their Majesties, and as the garrison of Paris was very numerous it rarely happened that the same man came twice. It was a most embarrassing position for many of these officers to be thus brought into familiar contact with their sovereign, utterly unacquainted, as they usually were, with any one present. Their Majesties rarely failed to appreciate their situation and address some kindly remark to them.

General Rolin, adjutant-general of Paris, sat opposite the Emperor at table. His duty it was to direct, superintend, and control everything in the service of the palace. He lived at the Tuileries, occupying the ground floor of the *Pavillon de Marsan* on the Rue de Rivoli.

The Emperor presented himself in the Empress's apartments at a little before half-past seven, and they entered the *salon* together, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, who had been admitted to the Emperor's dining-table at eight years of age;

he generally held the Empress by the hand. As she entered, her Majesty never failed to salute the persons assembled there, and whom she saw every day, with the same smiling grace which she would have employed on an occasion of state.

When dinner was served, one of the *maîtres d'hôtel* announced the fact to the prefect of the palace, who approached his Majesty and bowed profoundly and silently; the Emperor then gave his arm to the Empress, the aide-de-camp and chamberlain of his Majesty offered theirs to the ladies in waiting, and, with the prefect of the palace preceding his Majesty, the procession passed to the table.

This little ceremonial was most simply and naturally performed. In all the daily exercises of court etiquette the charming and courteous kindliness of their Majesties' manners quite effaced the stiffness of formality, and beneath the veil of deference paid them one could easily detect the profound respect and esteem in which they were held.

The Emperor and Empress sat next each other at table, with the Prince Imperial on his Majesty's left, the aide-de-camp being on the left of the Empress; the first lady in waiting was at General Rolin's right hand, opposite the Emperor; I sat on

the other side of the general, and the rest placed themselves according to their fancy.

Before my arrival at the Tuileries there had been thirteen at table, and more than one superstitious soul hailed my coming as a means of obviating the daily temptation to Fate. The table was adorned by a huge silver *épergne* filled with flowers, together with great silver candelabra and elegant vases also containing rare blossoms. The service was of plate, and the rims of the dishes were decorated with the imperial arms.

The Empress thought that more of these specimens of the silversmith's art would have escaped destruction if they had not been composed of the precious metal which is too often melted down into money at time of need. On occasions of ceremony we were served off silver-gilt, a most enchanting service of old Sèvres being used at dessert.

The food was of the rarest and most tempting description. During nearly the whole year we had strawberries, peaches, and green peas, raised under glass in the gardens at Versailles. There were usually four double courses—that is, two soups, two *relevés*, four *entrées*, two roasts, etc. The wines were of the choicest quality, and the service was so promptly rendered, with such perfect system and smoothness,

that it frequently aroused the admiration of foreign princes. Even at the most elaborate repast we were never longer than three quarters of an hour at table.

M. Dupuis, the chief of the table service, dressed in black, personally superintended everything. Behind the Emperor stood one of his ushers, as also behind the Prince Imperial; they wore the light-brown coat of the French livery. Behind the Empress, together with M. Bignet, her chief usher, stood a young negro, as black as ebony, named Scander, who had been brought from Egypt, and who, superbly dressed, after the fashion of the negroes whom one sees in Paul Veronese's picture of the "Marriage at Cana," made a most effective bit of decoration. He presented the various dishes to the Empress with as lofty an air as if he were fulfilling one of the most dignified duties of life. He pretended to be the descendant of a great race, and utterly refused to obey any one but her Majesty.

He was terribly lazy, and was most difficult to manage. One day he swaggered forth into the public garden of the Tuileries, where he amused himself by following a strange gentleman, copying his gait and gestures. When the stranger finally perceived him, he commanded him to cease his an-

tics; but far from obeying him, Scander continued, even going so far as to bestow upon his victim a kick, aimed most irreverently. The indignant stranger turned upon the insolent page, whom he seized by the ear, and showered with blows from his cane. Furious, but every inch a coward, Scander burst into the most terrific screams, crying:

"I am the Empress's boy; let me go, or I will have you hung!"

At last the keepers, who knew him well, came to his relief, and he was sent back to the Tuileries in a pitiable condition. He anticipated a very different greeting from that which he received, and, to his great chagrin, was obliged to make an apology that was extremely humiliating to his pride.

Among the officers of his Majesty's table service was a most worthy man named Sauton, who was forced to leave the Tuileries under the most painful circumstances. For some time the newspapers had been publishing at intervals various articles concerning certain greatly distorted incidents which, harmless in themselves, had been so cleverly magnified and travestied that they were excellently well calculated to shock and influence public opinion.

All the persons composing the service at the Tuileries merited the most perfect confidence, and

it was impossible to imagine who could be guilty of these miserable indiscretions. Finally, this man confessed to General Rolin that he had remarked that these lying articles coincided with the visits paid him by his son, M. Georges Sauton.

This young fellow, who owed his education to the Emperor's benevolence, had entered the career of journalism, and, taking advantage of his father's simplicity and confidence, had extracted from him various incidents of the private life at the palace, which he had afterward embellished and altered to suit the interests of his paper.

The poor father, utterly above suspicion, was terribly grieved and shocked by his son's abominable conduct, and resigned his position at the Tuileries, where his absence was keenly regretted. The Emperor bestowed a pension upon him, but he died shortly after.

The kitchens were in the basement, and the courses were sent up on dumb-waiters situated behind the *Galerie de Diane.* It required a wonderful promptness and dispatch on the part of the servants to prevent the dishes from suffering from such lengthy transportation.

With the exception of the table, which occupied the middle of the apartment, and which during the

day was covered by a cloth, there was nothing about the arrangement of the Louis XIV. *salon* to show that it was used as a dining-room. Large screens were employed during the repast to shut off the coming and going of the servants, and to conceal the side-tables used to hold the various dishes and for carving; all of these disappeared immediately upon the conclusion of the meal, and the *salon* at once resumed its customary air of palatial magnificence.

The mantel was decorated with a sculptured bust of Louis XIV., and the portrait of the King in his blue mantle, painted by Lebrun, hung between the windows. On the opposite panel was suspended the painting representing the presentation of the Duc d'Anjou to the Spanish ambassadors; opposite the mantel was a portrait of Anne of Austria with the King beside her, dressed as a child, with the royal mantle over his little shoulders, while on her knees she held her second son, the Duc d'Orléans, in short skirts, and wearing on his head the great three-storied cap, such as country children then wore, made of the richest materials, and decorated with a long, curling feather, which fell to his shoulder.

Usually not more than thirty or forty persons

dined here, the most numerous party I ever saw assembled at table being on the occasion of a dinner which the Empress gave in payment of a bet lost to the Emperor. The stake was of an indeterminate character, to be paid at the loser's discretion, and her Majesty thought she would surprise the Emperor by giving a dinner to the twenty prettiest women in the capital. It would have puzzled the gallant Paris himself to have awarded the prize on this occasion. The names, which have all acquired a wide renown, were as follows:

Princesse Anna Murat, Duchesse de Mouchy, fairly dazzling in her freshness and grace, with her beautiful Napoleonic profile; the Comtesse de Pourtalès, whose exquisite loveliness even old Time himself respected; the Marquise de Gallifet, whose blonde beauty was positively angelic; the Maréchale Canrobert, who, beneath her dark tresses, resembled in *hauteur* and dignity the aristocratic heroines of Walter Scott's novels; Mme. la Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild, with her large Oriental eyes, her regular features, and the brilliant complexion, which was even more delicate than the tint of the regal pearls which adorned her; the Marquise de Chasseloup-Laubat, with her fascinating Creole languor and dreaminess; the Baronne de

Pierrebourg, whose two adorable daughters, seeming more like her sisters, remind one to-day of their mother's beauty; the Duchesse de Morny; the Duchesse de Persigny; the Comtesse de Walewska; the Duchesse de Cadore; the Baronne Philippe de Bourgoing; the Duchesse de Montmorency, that irresistible young woman whose memory awakens within the minds of all who knew her such regret and admiration; her young sister-in-law, the Marquise de las Marismas, with her ever lovely expression; the Comtesse de Montebello, sweet and charming, with her niece, the Marquise de Cainzy, lately married, and who was then a very beautiful young brunette, with immense blue eyes; Mme. Léopold Magnan, a classic beauty, realizing the ideal type of the vestal virgins; Mme. Bartoloni, whose somewhat severe style was redeemed from coldness by the animation of a most brilliant mind; and finally the Princesse de Metternich, who well merited a prominent rank among the most attractive.

I was fortunate enough to be on duty that day. I remember that the Princesse de Metternich had for left-hand neighbor an officer in waiting, an old member of the staff of the *gendarmerie* of the guard, who, in order to show his deep respect and admiration for his fair companion, constantly of-

fered to drink with her, which was of course a continual interruption to the princess's conversation and which finally succeeded in greatly annoying her.

"Thank you, no," she kept replying, without, however, producing the desired effect. At last, determined to resort to desperate measures, she turned to him with her most gracious smile, and said:

"Pardon me, monsieur, but I have a strange peculiarity of temperament. Can you believe that every time any one offers to drink wine with me it creates in me a desire to weep? Just imagine how annoying such an exhibition on my part would be here!"

By this little stratagem she secured the privilege of finishing her repast without being constantly called upon to bow her acknowledgments of the officer's courtesies.

The Empress loved to see beautiful faces about her and, contrary to the accepted idea of the value of contrasts, this reunion of unrivaled beauties seemed to need no foil of ugliness, as the variety of types was amply sufficient to bring out the full merit of each.

This gracious caprice of her Majesty was a most pronounced success. Nothing could have been more charming than that group of young, beautiful,

and highly distinguished women, all magnificently appareled, and framed in the sumptuous setting of the apartment.

After the repast we generally repaired to the *Salon d'Apollon*, where coffee was served, which the Emperor took standing, smoking meanwhile his favorite cigarettes. It was then, usually, that his Majesty conversed a few minutes with the officer of the guard. It was contrary to etiquette for any one to sit without permission while the Emperor was standing, but he never failed on ordinary occasions to request the ladies present to be seated, when we all gathered about the tables and the conversation became general, the company discussing either the events of the day or subjects interesting to the various tastes.

Most of the men attached to the civil household of the Emperor and Empress belonged to the Chamber of Deputies. The Marquis d'Havrincourt, Baron de Pierres, the Duc de Trévise, the Comte d'Aygues-Vives, the Duc de Conegliano, Baron Philippe de Bourgoing, the Comte de Cossé-Brissac, and Baron Zorn de Bulach; each represented his own department. Almost always some of them were on duty and had something interesting to relate concerning the occurrences of the Chamber.

No conversationalist could have been more agreeable than the Empress. She mingled a natural gayety and vivacity with a remarkably keen power of observation and a dignity of style. She possessed the valuable quality of discrimination together with a wonderfully retentive memory, and was very quick to see the peculiarities in persons and things. Above all else she detested anything bordering on affectation. She was interested and amused by everything, was not afraid of argument, and the brightness and originality of her repartee gave a distinct charm to all she said.

Sometimes the Emperor amused himself by playing patience with the cards which stood in cases on the table, and the Empress often followed his example, rather for the purpose of maintaining silence when she was preoccupied than for the sake of diversion. Occasionally, too, a game of loto was made up for the Prince Imperial's amusement, when the Emperor would present a contribution of rolls of new silver fifty-centime pieces, which were used for counters and stakes; besides these no other games were ever played at the Tuileries.

At ten o'clock a table was brought in on which were served, *à l'Anglaise*, biscuit and tea, which the ladies in waiting themselves prepared and distrib-

uted. An orange-flower Pekoe which was dispensed on these occasions was especially popular with the gentlemen; in one corner of the *salon* was also arranged a waiter laden with cordials and iced coffee. The Emperor usually retired after taking a cup of tea.

The conversation then became more lively, the Empress prolonging the evening until nearly half-past eleven. I always left the *salon* with her Majesty, who frequently kept me with her while she undressed, and often even after she went to bed, conversing familiarly with me or listening to extracts which I read to her from the papers that were sent to the court every day by the Minister of the Interior. This was about all the reading I ever did for the Empress who, being a rapid and voracious reader, preferred to inform herself.

The Empress had no indolent habits and, strange as it may seem to most women, did not possess a single dressing-gown or *robe de chambre.* She had only linen peignoirs, which she wore while her toilet was being made, and dressed herself completely in the morning. When, in 1865, the Prince Imperial had the scarlet fever, her Majesty, anxious lest he should incur a chill which might result in disastrous consequences, determined to pass the nights in his

room that she might herself watch over him; therefore, in order that she should not endure the fatigue of watching in a tight dress, it was found necessary to procure for her a dressing-gown ready made. Being nearly of the same height as her Majesty, I went to the shops of the Louvre and bought a red flannel wrapper which cost less than a hundred francs and which she thought the greatest comfort in the world; she was thus enabled to watch without unnecessary fatigue.

The Prince Imperial caught the scarlet fever at a masquerade ball at the Tuileries at which he was allowed to be present for a little while. He danced a quadrille with a very pretty young girl, Mlle. Robin, to whom he took a great fancy. The poor child, who had been feeling unwell for several days, would not give way to her indisposition, fearing that she should lose the ball, which she had long been anticipating. Her mother, while helping to dress her, noticed that her shoulders were covered with a rash, but Mlle. Robin explained its appearance by some trifling excuse. She went to the ball and danced gayly part of the night; but on returning to her home she was seized with a violent fever, whose rapid strides nothing could impede; the next day she was dead. The same flowers that had adorned

her ball costume decorated her casket. She was an only daughter and but twenty years old, with everything in life to live for.

The Prince Imperial was not the only victim to the contagion, as many persons who had conversed with the poor girl were also stricken with the dread disease. Mme. de Lourmel was one of the worst sufferers, her life being at one time despaired of.

The Empress's anxiety was legitimate, for the malady was of a malignant nature; but the public, which was deeply engrossed with the Prince's illness, greatly exaggerated his condition, and, as usual, spread the wildest and most alarming reports. Dr. Barthez, the Prince's physician, being too greatly influenced by the public solicitude, and desiring to allay it, injudiciously permitted his patient to take a ride on his birthday, the 16th of March. It was a premature exposure, for, the weather being very cold, the Prince caught a chill, which I have always thought sowed the seeds of the serious illness which prostrated him the following year, and which threatened his life, for the scarlet fever left him much more delicate than he had formerly been and a prey to constant indispositions. He was, however, the most patient little invalid imaginable, and rea-

sonable beyond belief, despite the fact that he was naturally quick and impetuous; but he controlled himself wonderfully, and did his utmost to please those who nursed him.

When a mere child he attached to himself all with whom he came in contact by his untiring efforts to be agreeable. Miss Shaw, his English governess, was the very best soul in the world; she was thoroughly conscious of the dignity of her position, and lost no opportunity of advising and warning the Prince, endeavoring to develop all that was generous and noble in his nature. Her devotion and care of him were unceasing, and she actually worshiped the lad.

"My *Prince*," she would call him, with a mixture of the two languages which she spoke with equal difficulty, for she had partially forgotten her English and never wholly overcame the difficulties of the French tongue. She slept in the Prince's chamber, in a sort of alcove formed by curtains of pale-blue satin which matched the rest of the hangings, and was ever alert and watchful. The Prince was fondly attached to her, and paid her a thousand original and tender little attentions.

He possessed one trait unusual among children, which was that of treating all who served him with

marked courtesy and respect. He was very fond of his young companions, among whom Louis Conneau was his especial favorite. They saw each other daily, and though devoted friends, many storms and tempests arose between them.

One day when there was to be a state dinner at the Tuileries at which the Prince was not to appear, he asked permission to invite Louis Conneau to dine with him, and, in order to create an agreeable surprise for his friend he requested that a strawberry cream might be prepared for them — this being a delicacy of which both lads were extravagantly fond But during the morning a terrible quarrel took place, and Louis Conneau, deeply wounded, asked permission to return home. The Prince was too proud to show how much this desertion affected him, and finished alone, as best he could, the day which was to have been one of such delight to both.

When the dinner hour arrived the Prince took his seat at table and tried to eat as usual, but when the strawberry cream appeared his self-control was quite vanquished, and the tears which he had long striven to restrain began to roll down his cheeks.

"Take the cream to Conneau," he said to one of the servants, "and tell him I haven't the heart to eat it without him."

He was, however, very mischievous. One day some one brought him from a christening a box of sugar-plums, which, as he was not usually allowed to eat bonbons, appeared to him a very magnificent present, and he at once went in search of the Empress to show them to her. But, as he was passing the sentinel stationed at his door, a ridiculous idea, such as could only occur to a child, crossed his brain, and without more ado he emptied the whole box of sweets into the man's boot. It must have been a severe test of the man's discipline, his duty requiring him to remain utterly motionless as he presented arms, while receiving this avalanche of *douceurs*.

The Prince always demonstrated a wonderful temerity, and ever seemed absolutely ignorant of danger; he was the first among his comrades to propose hazardous enterprises, and it required great vigilance on the part of his attendants to preserve him from danger.

At eight years of age he rode horseback finely; and when he reviewed the troops at his father's side, seated upon his little pony, Bouton d'Or, more than one old soldier who looked upon the graceful, noble little fellow felt the moisture come into his eyes. The Prince ranked as corporal in the first regiment of grenadiers of the guard; he wore

his bearskin cap most bravely, and one could persuade him to cease from any mischief by simply saying: "I would not do that, monseigneur; you will dishonor your uniform."

From the time of his birth he had had in his service an old equerry who initiated him in the equestrian science as conscientiously as if it had been the priesthood. He was a most worthy man, and his influence over his royal pupil was a very happy one. He was from Gascony, and although no longer young, his disposition was lively and agreeable to a child; he thoroughly understood the Prince, and instructed him marvelously in everything connected with his own profession.

The Prince Imperial was so fortunate as to escape the evils to which royal children are often exposed in meeting with a servility and dangerous obsequiousness on the part of their subordinates. His early surroundings were so disposed as to shield him from everything that could pervert his naturally fine qualities and disposition. He was allowed to indulge his native gayety and love of freedom, and was not subjected to needless restraint; but he was also taught to leave his sports at the bidding of decorum and to submit to those rigid laws of etiquette which tyrannize over the youth of princes.

At his birth Mme. l'Amirale Bruat was appointed governess of the royal children of France. With her Madonna-like face, her proud and noble profile, she resembled the guardian angel of the nation watching over the cradle of its little ones. The Prince always retained a most tender affection for her and wrote to her frequently while he lived.

Mme. Bizot and Mme. de Brancion were named under-governesses; one or the other of them always accompanied the Prince when he went out, but their positions were entirely honorary ones, the Empress reserving to herself the real direction of her son's private life. When it became necessary to choose a nurse for the infant, Mme. la Comtesse Ducos, wife of the Minister of the Marine, one of the loveliest persons at court, and who at the time was nursing twin children of her own, offered to nurse the Prince Imperial; but the Empress would not accept this offer of devotion, and selected a strong, fine peasant woman.

A second nurse also lived at the palace with her child, ever ready to replace the first in case of emergency. It never became necessary to employ her, but her presence there had a salutary effect upon the other. For instance, if the latter showed any ill-temper or capriciousness they merely said to

her, "If you are tired, nurse, let the other one come down," when the clouds would disappear like magic, and there was no further trouble with her. She had several children, who, in addition to the pension which his Majesty allowed her, were reared at his expense. It will scarcely be believed that one of her sons, some years older than the Prince, was arrested among the Communists in 1871, and transported to *Nouméa*. He applied to the Empress, asking her to interest herself in his fate, hoping that her influence might secure some privileges for him. The Empress, who had the Prince's foster-sister with her in England, was good enough to do what she could for the man, and requested some one in authority to look after him; which kindness caused certain newspapers to remark that the Commune had been largely composed of persons attached to the Empire.

The departure of his nurse was a long and bitter grief to the Prince. She wore the picturesque costume of the Bourbonnaise women, which consisted of a red skirt, black velvet bodice, and small lace cap. The Prince preserved a bit of silk from one of her dresses and a morsel of the velvet of one of her bodices, and for several years he went to sleep every night with the silk beneath his head, and rub-

bing his face with the velvet. Miss Shaw was terribly afraid of losing these two precious objects.

"My Prince would be inconsolable," she would say, "if they were taken from him."

When he was eight years old, he was partially withdrawn from feminine government. The under-governesses became honorary, and were replaced by M. Monier, the Prince's tutor, who had been warmly recommended to the Empress by Mme. Cornu, who was the daughter of one of Queen Hortense's women of the chamber, and had been educated at Arenenberg.

Mme. Cornu was a most intelligent woman, who had shown at a very early age a marked desire for study. Queen Hortense became interested in her and gave her the advantages of a superior education. All her attractiveness lay in her mind, for she was irredeemably homely and hunchbacked. These misfortunes, however, had not prevented M. Cornu from marrying her. He was an artist of considerable talent, who was employed to decorate many of the official chapels. She gathered about her a circle of the most distinguished men, *litterateurs*, artists, and academicians, who attributed to her the possession of a wide influence. She showed a warm devotion to the Emperor, who did much

for her; but, in choosing Monier through her recommendation, his Majesty was not favored by any very great luck.

Though the tutor was a thoroughly honest man, he was timid and retiring, and possessed neither the manners nor tact necessary to the station to which he was called; however, he remained but a short time with the Prince. He was a pupil of *l'École Normale*, and was well versed in scientific research, but he was utterly unused to the habits and requirements of good society, and in this respect the Prince, child as he was, far excelled him. He wrote the history of Alcuin, the preceptor of Charlemagne, this work having been suggested by his own position. He abandoned himself to the most profound research after material, hoping to publish several volumes upon so grand a subject; but I fear that the book was never finished, as he died shortly after leaving the Prince's service, having never acquired the habits of the court, and having wearied his pupil beyond description by his pedantic and uninteresting precepts and methods. He was replaced by M. Filon, who belonged to the university, and was a very distinguished and elegant young man. He remained with the Prince until after the war, when the Emperor decided

to place his son at the military school at Woolwich.

It was M. Filon who received at Hastings, in the early days of the arrival of the Empress and Prince Imperial in England, M. Régnier, that mysterious agent whose mission—if indeed he really had one—has never been divined by the the public. It was M. Filon who, at his earnest prayer, sent M. Régnier a photograph signed by the Prince Imperial. They were prodigal of this little favor to Frenchmen who visited England for the purpose of presenting their homage to their Majesties. This trifling circumstance assumed unexpected proportions.

M. Régnier presented the photograph to Maréchal Bazaine, at Metz, as a token of the power which he had received to negotiate with him, thus succeeding in securing the marshal's attention; but this entire affair has always remained in the utmost obscurity. The Empress has never been able to throw any light upon it, as she did not receive M. Régnier herself and did not attach any importance to his visit at the time.

It was not until later, when after-events had transpired, that the discovery was made of M. Regnier's unworthy conduct and of the abuse of confi-

dence he had been guilty of in presenting the photograph signed by the Prince Imperial as a pledge of his mission. This pretended mission of M. Régnier—who is now dead—is also enveloped in a strange mystery. In considering it one is lost in conjecture regarding the aim he had in view and the motives which guided him.

Was he an abetting agent, a vulgar intriguer, or a man of good intentions who believed himself capable, by secret negotiations, of disentangling a terrible web? One is puzzled by a thousand conjectures.

I shall relate in another part of these souvenirs what I have been able to learn on this subject; but at best we are reduced to hypotheses, and, notwithstanding the most active researches, we can not discover the motive which dictated M. Régnier's singular conduct.

VIII.

On every Thursday during the winter there was a grand dinner given at the Tuileries to the ambassadors, generals, deputies, prefects, and statesmen of all ranks. This was supplemented in the evening by a reception, open to all the high functionaries and their wives. The Empress was endowed with the rare faculty of remembering every one whom she had ever met, and no matter how long a time had intervened since she had last seen a person she could call him by name and remember the chief facts connected with his family and position. She had a kind word for all, and never sat down during the entire evening, passing from group to group and striving to be agreeable to every one, taking much more trouble to make her guests feel at ease than is customary with the majority of hostesses.

Between January and Lent there were four state balls given, to which three or four thousand invitations were issued. These *fêtes* were of im-

portance to thousands in Paris. On these occasions the men were dressed in uniform or in full court costume, and it is difficult to give any adequate idea of the brilliancy of these entertainments which were so gorgeously embellished by the magnificence of their surroundings.

The superb grand staircase which ascended from the archway of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* mounted straight up between highly decorated walls, while an immense balustrade of flowers adorned it on either side.

The life guardsmen, ranged upon the steps motionless as statues as they presented arms, gorgeous in their elegant uniforms of light blue turned out with red, glittering cuirasses, and helmets ornamented with long curling white plumes, were recruited from among the handsomest men in the army and with their martial air, fine presence, and splendid figures, formed as magnificent an escort as a sovereign could well desire.

The throng of guests assembled in the *Galerie de la Paix*, awaiting the opportunity to enter the *Salle des Maréchaux*, the doors of this latter apartment being kept firmly closed until their Majesties made their appearance.

After the Emperor and Empress left their apart-

ments they repaired to the *Salon du Premier Consul*, where their presence was awaited by the imperial family, the ladies and officers of their respective households, the diplomatic corps, ministers, and state dignitaries.

It was there that presentations took place. Persons who desired to be received at court addressed a petition to the high chamberlain, who communicated it to the Emperor. If no objection were made to their request they were told to apply to the Duc de Bassano if they were men, if women to either the Princesse d'Essling or to one of the ladies in waiting, who would present them when the proper time came. Foreigners underwent the same ceremony through the medium of their ambassadors.

Afterward these persons might be admitted, by invitation, to Compiègne or to the small, private receptions at the court.

The presentations usually took place on the nights of the state balls, after which their Majesties, preceded by their chamberlains and followed by an imposing procession of princes and princesses, members of the diplomatic corps, grand dignitaries, and all the persons attached to the court, made a grand *entrée* into the *Salle des Maréchaux*, their appear-

ance being heralded by the announcement, uttered in a loud and pompous tone, of "The Emperor."

Several rows of seats for the accommodation of ladies surrounded this immense hall, while upon a raised estrade in the middle were arranged two *fauteuils* of similar appearance surrounded with other less imposing chairs. The Emperor and Empress sat there, together with the members of the imperial family and all the persons holding positions at court.

Places were reserved elsewhere for the state dignitaries, the members of the diplomatic corps, and the wives of all the gentlemen attached to their Majesties' households. During the latter years of the empire the state quadrille was dispensed with, and immediately after the Emperor and Empress were seated the dancing began.

An invisible orchestra was stationed on a platform overhead, and the empty space in the middle of this vast hall was soon thronged with men desirous of obtaining a nearer view of their Majesties. The chamberlains found it extremely difficult to maintain the circle reserved for the dancers from being encroached upon by the eager gazers, and notwithstanding their most strenuous efforts its limits constantly grew more and more contracted.

The ladies of the court were always most gorgeously arrayed. Princesse Mathilde, whose superb figure and noble profile were well fitted to adorn a throne, was unfailing in her attendance at these festivities, for, though she had but little taste for such things, she knew that by sacrificing her own inclinations in this respect she gratified the Emperor; Princesse Clotilde also appeared regularly, cheerfully resigned to the necessity; and Princesse Lucien Murat, who was of the rank and title of "Highness," generally assisted with her daughter, the beautiful young Princesse Anna, and her daughter-in-law Princesse Joachim Murat, *née* Wagram, the wife of the brilliant colonel of the "Blues."

Besides these there were usually present the other members of the Emperor's family, the daughters of Lucien Bonaparte, the second brother of Napoleon I. These ladies had no official rank at court, but out of courtesy were accorded the title of princess; they were the Princesse Julie, Marquise Roccagiovine, the Princesse Charlotte, Comtesse Primoli, the Princesse Augusta, and the Princesse Gabrielli. They all left the pleasantest memories behind them.

The Princesse Julie, who was a person of superior mind and cultivation, presided over a *salon*

which was frequented by the most distinguished and intellectual persons of Parisian and foreign society.

After the war they all retired to Rome, where they renewed many old friendships and lived together most unitedly. There, also, their house became a center of attraction. Thoroughly French at heart they were ever faithful to the memory of their beloved land, and every Frenchman who passed through Rome received a warm welcome beneath their hospitable roof.

Princesse Julie was robbed of her dearest possessions by death, which stole in rapid succession three of her little ones. Princesse Charlotte was the mother of Comte Joseph Primoli, a society poet warmly appreciated both in Paris and Rome.

Except to a few men who could take advantage of the privileges accorded them by their positions to be agreeable to the ladies, the state balls at the Tuileries were not the favorite entertainments at court, although they certainly were one of the most beautiful and striking spectacles that gratified the eyes of Parisian society.

At eleven o'clock a passage was cleared through the crowd by the chamberlains, who preceded their Majesties to the *Galerie de la Paix*, where dancing

was also permitted. After resting here a moment, the Emperor and Empress made the tour of the gallery, saluting their guests, afterward returning to the *Salle des Maréchaux*, whence they proceeded to the other *salons*. In the *Galerie de Diane* a magnificent buffet was spread, laden with everything suitable for an evening supper.

About midnight their Majesties retired, and the *fête* continued until three or four in the morning under the auspices of the officers of the household, who did the honors most gallantly.

To a person privileged to sit in one of the galleries surrounding the *Salle des Maréchaux* and look down upon the gay scene these entertainments afforded a truly magnificent sight. It happened upon two or three occasions that the Empress was too indisposed to receive, and as I was never permitted to attend any reception without her I found myself excused from appearing. I therefore would make my way to these galleries by means of the little interior staircases and, myself unobserved, feast my eyes upon what really resembled a scene from fairyland.

The gilded dome of the vaulted roof was upheld by a group of caryatides and adorned by trophies of arms. Portraits of the twelve marshals

of the empire in their rich uniforms decorated the panels; draperies of scarlet velvet bordered with glittering golden fringe draped the huge windows, which, large as they were, seemed mere loopholes in the vast proportions of that great hall.

The variety and elegance of the men's dress contrasting with the severe simplicity of their ordinary black coats was a special feature of these occasions. Many of the officers wore white knee-breeches with their uniforms, and the diplomatic corps, *en grande tenue*, represented a union of the costumes of all the different countries; one could behold those of almost all nationalities worn by Russians, Englishmen, Greeks, Hungarians, and Persians, some of which fairly scintillated with embroideries and orders, while others presented a marked contrast of severity and plainness. Uniforms were to be seen there of every army in the world, even including that of China, whose code of honor is so strict that it is not safe even so much as to graze one of its member's sabres with the tip of your finger—a deadly insult, it appears—unless you desire to be ripped up.

Each of the departments of the Emperor's household had its special state livery; the old coat *à la Française*, differing only in color, was worn by all,

as were also the white knee-breeches and white silk stockings. The chamberlains of the Emperor wore a scarlet dress coat with wide gold embroideries; the equerries green and gold; the hunt green and silver; the prefects of the palace amaranth and gold; the masters of ceremony violet and gold; and the officers of ordnance pale blue embroidered with silver.

The Empress's chamberlains and equerries wore blue and silver. Besides these there were the peculiar uniforms of the guard, of the officers of artillery—black with gold frogs—and the uniform of the "Blues" who were then commanded by Prince Joachim Murat, one of the most distinguished men in the army.

Certain faces stood out from among the crowd at these *fêtes* with a distinctness which impressed them indelibly upon the memory. It seemed as if they had been specially created for all this splendor. Among others I remember the Marquis de Flammarens, a perfect type of the chamberlain of *l'ancien régime*, with his refined face, his old-time manners, his snowy and carefully curled hair—Chinchilla, as we called him familiarly among ourselves. A perpetual smile of adoration curved his delicate lips whenever he conversed with women, and he made

himself fairly ubiquitous in his efforts to secure favorable places for his hosts of fair friends, offering his arm with charming courtesy to the prettiest strangers, in order to force a way for them through the dense throngs. It really appeared that while he officiated at these sumptuous and regal affairs he was experiencing the satisfaction of all his senses.

How many among those who composed that elegant court have really owed their most enviable conquests to the prestige bestowed by those laced coats, before which the crowd opened as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand, and which made, for the time being, privileged beings of those who were fortunate enough to secure their wearers' attention.

The Empress always withdrew from these *fêtes* completely tired out. Often she would not take the time to summon her women, but, before entering her dressing-room, would strip off the diadem and jewels, whose weight oppressed her, and tumble them pell-mell into the skirt which I held up to receive them. I was always terribly frightened in transferring these precious gems to their repository, for there were some among them that represented a fortune in themselves.

The Empress had had part of the crown diamonds reset to suit her own taste. To many of

them a history was attached. I remember in particular a yellow diamond as large as a small walnut, which was set in a comb surrounded by white stones. It had been swallowed by an insurgent in 1848 during the pillage of the Tuileries. The sharp facets of the gem had produced internal disorders, and the unhappy man died in the greatest agony, after confessing his theft. The diamond was recovered at the autopsy. It was one of the largest stones in the crown collection.

The Empress did not learn this story until some time later, and the tragedy connected with it was so unpleasant that she ceased wearing it.

At carnival time a masquerade ball was usually given; the invitations to this were less general than to the state balls and included only those who had already been presented at court. These *fêtes*, which were characterized by the greatest gayety and freedom, and at which the imagination was given fullest license, were a rare exhibition of elegance and originality. Many women took this occasion to pursue all sorts of intrigues beneath the safe shelter of their masks; while young men of slender stature and musical voices profited by these advantages to carry on the most ridiculous deceptions.

One evening Comte Raynald de Choiseul turned

all heads, and every one was on the *qui vive* to discover who the witty, audacious woman was who so well concealed her identity beneath an elegant domino worn with the perfection of feminine grace, and who never betrayed by the slightest awkwardness that she belonged to the sterner sex. Even in the masked photograph which she freely distributed it was impossible to detect the deceit.

One year, four sphinxes, dressed *à l'Égyptienne*, with fillets binding their hair and shrouded in long veils of high-colored striped stuff, piqued everybody's curiosity by their liveliness and audacity. They were the Comtesse Fleury, the Maréchale Canrobert, the Duchesse d'Isly, and the Baronne de Bourgoing. All four were tall women of the same height, dressed identically alike, and they played their parts with so much skill and substituted themselves for each other so cleverly that the persons with whom they conversed were utterly perplexed as to whether they had been talking all the time to one or twenty different women.

On one occasion the obelisk of Luxor, from the Place de la Concorde, gravely traversed the *salons*, concealing beneath its hieroglyphic-covered pyramid an officer of the life guard of mighty stature. One evening a gigantic harlequin, dressed in

motley, balanced himself just above the heads of the assemblage. The Emperor, alarmed by the dangerous antics in which the clown indulged, inquired whom he might be, and learned that the buffoon was no less a person than the Marquis de Gallifet, who had believed himself sufficiently disguised in his strange habiliments to defy recognition.

We were all somewhat accustomed to his boyish pranks, the right to indulge in which he bought at the price of a heroism which is not indeed rare in the French army, but which should cause us to view his caprices leniently. He had lately returned from Mexico, where he had so brilliantly conducted himself during the war. It is said that having been terribly wounded in a battle there, he was abandoned as dead, but coming to himself shortly afterward he succeeded in dragging himself, with his bowels completely ripped out, to an ambulance, where he arrived carrying his entrails in his *képi*. In that torrid climate a wound of such a nature is a most critical matter, and ice is an absolute necessity in healing it. But ice was a rare luxury there, and to procure it was a matter of extreme difficulty, requiring a considerable and dangerous journey across steep mountains and through rough and rocky de-

files. Yet M. Gallifet was finally saved, thanks to the devotion of his comrades, who took turns each day in going to fetch the required supply.

The serious nature of the wound was known in Paris. M. Gallifet had passed considerable time in his Majesty's service as officer of ordnance, and the Emperor was greatly interested in him. A little before his return his wife came to a reception at the Tuileries, and was at once surrounded by a throng of people, all eager to congratulate her on her husband's fortunate escape. The Emperor himself spoke to her, warmly expressing his sympathy for her anxiety.

"You must have suffered horribly," he said, "in hearing of the dangerous character of the wound, which was so freely discussed in the papers."

"Oh, no, sire," Mme. de Gallifet returned, with her angelic smile, "he is so lucky, you know."

And she related to the Emperor how, upon the very day that the physicians had for the first time been able to give any hope of her husband's life, all communication had been shut off, rendering it absolutely impracticable to procure the ice, without which they had, up to that time, pronounced it impossible to cure him.

Theirs was a most indifferent union, and the

ravishing beauty of Mme. de Gallifet could not preserve her from the sorrows of an uncongenial marriage.

She was sweet tempered and most kind-hearted, and never said an ill-natured word of any one. She remained in Paris throughout the entire siege, caring for the wounded with a devotion which was little short of sublime.

The celebrated Comtesse de Castiglione made her last appearance in the social world, I think, at a masked ball at the Tuileries. I had an opportunity of seeing her in 1865, at a dinner at Saint-Cloud given in honor of King Humbert, then Prince Royal of Italy.

Mme. de Castiglione's beauty was well-nigh faultless, of a character which did not seem to belong to our time; yet, although it may seem almost incredible, her perfect features and undeniably graceful person were utterly devoid of charm. Her handsome face was characterized by an expression of haughtiness and hardness that reminded one of the old divinities whom devotees sought to propitiate by offerings and sacrifices.

If a perfectly modeled statue could be endowed with life some idea might be produced of this singular person. Indeed, in watching her move and

converse, one would almost have declared that she was an animated bit of sculpture. She seemed to possess far less of the essence of life than other women, and yet she was wonderfully clever. Doubtless the reason of her immobility lay in the fact that she did not choose to condescend to humanize herself for the many.

It has been pretended that she played the *rôle* of political spy in the deft hands of M. de Cavour; this is difficult to credit. She had sufficient beauty to captivate without meddling with diplomacy.

It was at a ball given by the Duchesse de Bassano that she made her first appearance in Parisian society. She set the fashion of wearing those great feathers arranged like a crown, which gave her still more height and were vastly becoming to her lofty style.

In 1860, Prince Jerôme gave a *fête* at the Palais-Royale in honor of the Empress. Her Majesty, wearing a gown of white tulle with a garland of Parma violets in her hair, looked exquisitely beautiful, her beauty being yet more greatly enhanced by that indefinable charm which rendered her so irresistibly fascinating. Prince Jerôme escorted her through the various *salons*, offering her, not his arm, but his hand, in accordance with the

fashion of his youth, preceding her a trifle, with a grace which, if it were perhaps somewhat antiquated, was nevertheless charmingly gallant and chivalrous.

At one o'clock, as the Emperor and Empress were about retiring, the Comtesse de Castiglione, hurriedly ascending the staircase, came full upon them.

"You are very late in arriving, Madame la Comtesse," said his Majesty, courteously.

"Rather, sire, it is you who are early in leaving," she returned, and passed on, entering the *salons* with that air of overwhelming disdain in which she included all humanity.

She possessed a strong and cultivated intellect, being able to write and converse marvelously, it was said, upon the most serious subjects. She had the intriguing instinct of the Florentines, and the very few men who knew her well—for she admitted no women to her confidence—attributed to her superior mental endowments.

All the stories concerning her represented her as imperious and peculiar, absolutely worshiping her own marvelous beauty. She had but one child, a son, who died at the age of twenty—she had not the reputation of being a very devoted mother.

After her marriage she resolutely persisted in her refusal to pay a ceremonious visit to her mother-in-law, the Marquise de Castiglione. Her husband exhausted all his powers of persuasion in vain endeavor to induce her to perform this simple act of courtesy. At last one day when they chanced to be driving together, as she seemed to be in better humor than usual, the count gave his mother's address to the coachman, hoping that his wife would allow herself to be prevailed upon. The lovely countess said not a word, but waited until the carriage was crossing a bridge when, quickly taking her shoes off, she threw them one after the other into the water.

"I think," she then said, turning to her husband, "that you will not force me to walk in my bare feet."

At the time when all Paris was gossiping about her beauty and extravagance, the Duchesse Tascher de la Pagerie, whose husband was high chamberlain to the Empress and who was at the head of all *fêtes* and charities, called upon the Comtesse de Castiglione to ask her to take part in a *tableau vivant* which was to include many other society people, on the occasion of a concert given for the benefit of the poor. After a great deal of hesitation, the countess

allowed herself to be persuaded, on the condition that she might choose her own *rôle* and costume.

Only too delighted to be able to add the countess's name to her programme, the duchess yielded willingly to her conditions. Everything concerning her appearance was left to the countess unquestioningly, and when the night came the curtain rose upon her seated at the entrance of a grotto, enveloped in the brown robe of a hermit, which covered her like a sack, even her face being entirely concealed from view by the hood which was drawn over it. Every one expected some surprise, but she remained utterly motionless, and never made even a gesture until after the curtain fell. Many members of the audience who had anticipated a far different and more agreeable tableau, found this jest in very poor taste and did not hesitate to let her see it.

Yet on another occasion she was prodigal enough of her charms, and at a masked ball given by the Minister of Marine displayed them almost wholly unveiled as, in the attire of *Salambô*, she showed to the public much more of her beauty than women usually exhibit in *salons*.

Dr. Arnal, physician to his Majesty, of whom I was very fond and who often accompanied the court to Compiègne and Fontainebleau, once described to

me a visit that he had occasion to pay her. She was taken very ill at Havre, and sent to beg Dr. Arnal to go to her. The good doctor had a very large practice in Paris, and found it exceedingly inconvenient to get away for any length of time; he therefore arranged to get to Havre early in the morning, and at nine o'clock presented himself at the hotel where the countess was staying. Here they told him that the countess was not yet visible, and begged him to call again. An hour later he returned, only to receive the same reply; and so it went on from hour to hour, the doctor insisting that he must see his patient as he was obliged to return to Paris immediately, and the countess sending him word that she would soon be ready.

At last, at one o'clock in the afternoon, upon his declaring that he would not return again, he was admitted. Adorned like an idol, the Comtesse de Castiglione, who was really very ill, was lying in bed covered with rich laces and costly furs, her hair dressed high, as for a ball, and glittering with diamonds. She was fairly dazzling in her feverish beauty, and was decorated with all the contents of her jewel-casket.

Dr. Arnal was an old man, and nothing about him seemed calculated to awaken the spirit of con-

quest in this disdainful beauty. The old man wore his hair in a most singular fashion, brought forward and tied in a little bow-knot almost upon his forehead. He held an excellent position at court, being highly respected as a man as well as physician. He enjoyed the confidence of both the Emperor and Empress who made everything of him. His death was a sad blow, for he was liberally endowed with intellectual and spiritual gifts.

At one of the last masquerade balls given at the Tuileries the Empress represented Marie-Antoinette as she appeared in Mme. Lebrun's beautiful portrait, wearing a costume of red velvet bordered with furs, with the great plumed toque on her head.

Mme. de Castiglione, who had been for some time a stranger at court, had succeeded in procuring an invitation, no one knew how. She appeared dressed in black, looking marvelously beautiful in the widow's costume of Marie de' Medicis. Very few persons saw her, for she did not penetrate, so to speak, into the *salons*. It was generally understood that she was not among the invited guests, and a chamberlain was soon dispatched to escort her back to her carriage. She was thus one of the persons who underwent the humiliation of being "*reconduites*."

This mortification, which was rarely inflicted, was nevertheless suffered by some few persons. Among these was a woman who had been the retailer of an outrageous piece of scandal concerning a very beautiful young girl prominent in the official circles of the Tuileries, her father occupying an elevated position at court. At one of the balls this woman took advantage of an occasion when she was surrounded by a goodly audience, to relate the circumstances connected with the mysterious birth of a child, adding the most precise details concerning it, and even naming the young girl as its mother.

The Marquise de Latour-Maubourg, one of her Majesty's ladies in waiting, who heard the recital, remarked that it was an odious invention calculated to do infinite injury to a young girl's reputation, and that no one should repeat such a calumny unless she had sufficient proof.

The woman repeated her affirmations.

"I am absolutely sure," she said, "for it was not a week ago that the whole thing occurred at the house of one of my friends."

"I am so much the more surprised," returned Mme. de Maubourg, "because there the young lady is now, dancing."

And, indeed, there the young lady was, fresh

and lovely as usual, gayly enjoying herself in the next room.

The scandal-monger's confusion was overwhelming, and Mme. de Maubourg, having gone to her Majesty and told her the outrageous story that had been set in circulation concerning a person whom the Empress honored with an affectionate regard and whom she received in her own home, a chamberlain was sent to inform the woman that her carriage awaited her. From that day her name was erased from the invitation list, which fact did not restrain her, however, from appearing at the Tuileries, where she was always to be seen at the general receptions.

There was no dancing at court during Lent, but, instead, four concerts were given. These musical *fêtes*, at which the most celebrated artists assisted, were under the direction of Comte Bacciocchi, superintendent of theaters, and amiable M. Auber, the great composer. The Empress was no musician, the artistic sentiment in her finding its development in painting and literature.

M. Auber, who was also chapel-master at the Tuileries, was of advanced age and died in Paris in 1870, after the eventful 4th of September. One evening as the Empress was familiarly chatting with

him she asked if he had never regretted remaining unmarried.

"Never, madame," replied the witty old man, "and less than ever now, when I think that Madame Auber would be nearly eighty years old."

On Good Friday the "Stabat" was chanted in the Tuileries chapel. The ladies attended by invitation dressed in low, black mourning costumes with black lace veils.

After Easter social gayety was again resumed, but in a much less formal and infinitely more amusing fashion; there was far less regard paid to rules of etiquette, precedence, and court restrictions, the Empress being especially considerate then of the claims of youth, which were apt to be somewhat ignored in the great official routs. One can not imagine prettier parties than those which were called "the Empress's little Mondays." They were given in her Majesty's private apartments, dancing being carried on in the *Salons du Premier Consul* and *d'Apollon*.

There were not more than five or six hundred invitations issued, and the elegance and festivity of these reunions caused them to be ranked among the most select in Paris.

One of these small balls took place soon after

my arrival at court. Being in mourning for my father I wore white, and naturally did not dance. Immediately after her Majesty's entrance the dancing began. I remember that on that evening I, for the first time, saw the Comtesse de Pourtalès and the Marquise de Gallifet. They were opposite each other in the same quadrille, and it is impossible to conceive a lovelier sight than these two women of contrasting styles presented, both being equally endowed with fascination, beauty, and grace.

There was at this time in Paris a collection of fair and charming women that fully justified the brilliant reputation which was accorded the Court of the Tuileries. Years have passed since then, but most of those who still survive preserve with the traditions of their youth, an easy grace of manner, a distinction of bearing, and a charm of conversation which may well be the envy of a later generation.

Many marriages resulted from these gatherings. More than one young girl found in them a lucky fate; and the kindly interest of the Emperor and Empress was often successful in discovering a happy solution of a difficult love problem. Some of these alliances, however, did not turn out as well as could have been wished.

The Princess de Bauffremont, whose separation

created so much talk, was one of these young girls in whom her Majesty was particularly interested.

Mlle. Valentine de Chimay pretended that her position at home was a most trying one and captivated the Empress by her brilliant imagination and the excessive sensitiveness which she expressed in the most fascinating way, rather than by her personal charms which were exceedingly limited, for she had little beauty as her features were all too prominently developed. One shoulder was higher than the other and her carriage halting and awkward. Notwithstanding, she was a veritable siren. No woman ever lived who better understood the art of managing her family, her friends, public opinion, the world in general, and even the gravest magistrates when she became involved in legal difficulties—all those in fact whom she desired to please and of whose co-operation she happened to stand in need.

She was wonderfully shrewd and clever, with an extraordinary energy of character and a strong and subtle mind, and was eminently skillful in manipulating all her weapons and turning everything to her own advantage, even making use of her delicate health as an excuse for furthering her own ends. She invented divorce, and not being able to

avail herself of its privileges independent of the law, she set herself at work with a really marvelous adroitness to overcome all the difficulties of a delicate situation in such a manner as to still preserve to herself fortune, children, and the charming man whose chivalrous love was her inspiration in her various struggles and battles. Prince George Bibesco, of whom she is to-day the wife, even so acknowledged in France thanks to the law of M. Naquet, was assuredly one of the most delightful men imaginable.

As to Prince de Bauffremont, he was simply a rough soldier, and well known as such. After the princess had given birth to two daughters, Prince de Bauffremont left for Mexico, and from that moment the princess began to talk to her friends of all that she suffered in her home-life, continuing meanwhile to send her husband the most tender and affectionate letters, which were read at the trial. They were exceedingly numerous, and enlivened the proceedings immensely.

Upon his return the prince discovered that his wife's attitude toward him was widely different from what her letters had led him to believe, and then the trouble began. The princess was a superb musician and an elegant letter-writer, her corre-

spondence sustaining a favorable comparison with that of the most cultivated and celebrated women of the last century. She was passionately tenacious of all the privileges attaching to her rank, and received her visitors seated in an imposing sort of throne-like chair, occupied, after the fashion of the chatelaines of the middle ages, in spinning. It was a somewhat surprising proceeding in our matter-of-fact nineteenth century. She succeeded in interesting many persons in her domestic tribulations and had not the slightest hesitation in washing her soiled linen in full view of the public.

She created for herself an intimacy with certain men of position, whose influence and reputation were so well-established as to permit her to sway at will the opinions of such circles as she desired to gain credit with, and completely infatuated them. Four of these in particular, who were closely bound to each other and entirely devoted to sustaining and protecting her interests, allowed themselves to be slain in her defense.

It was a perfect miracle that Prince de Bauffremont preserved his life; it was one continuous duel between all these champions. The princess ill-requited her friends' devotion, even seeking to marry one of them to a person of the lowest condi-

tion, who had served her as a useful tool in extricating herself from the various complications consequent upon her efforts to regain her liberty. At last she left France with her children, fleeing almost like a fugitive from her native land. By renouncing her nationality and religion, she acquired the right to marry Prince Georges Bibesco in Wallachia, of which country her new father-in-law was *hospodar*.

The marriage of the hereditary Prince of Monaco with the daughter of the Duchess of Hamilton, the Emperor's cousin through her mother, the Grande-Duchesse Stephanie of Baden, was also the subject of unpleasant notoriety. Lady Mary Douglas was a pretty, amiable young girl, and her marriage was celebrated at Marchais, the residence of the Prince of Monaco, in the year 1869, I believe.

I remember how very gay she was at the time, including all her friends in the wedding festivities and showing them with great glee all the beauties of her *corbeille*. In observing her animation and apparent joyousness, one would never have suspected her of being a victim led to the altar of sacrifice.

Yet that such was the case, her mother, the Duchess of Hamilton, swore on the gospels in the Roman law court, some years later, in her endeavor

to procure an annulment of her daughter's marriage. Lady Mary's only child was then about three or four years old, and the Prince of Monaco, who also possessed the title of Duc de Valentinois—which, however, he never used—retained the charge of his son, whom he brought up himself. After securing a divorce, Lady Mary Douglas married an officer of the Austrian army, of high position and great wealth, the Comte Festetich.

The Duchess of Hamilton was one of those passionately devoted mothers of whom too many exist for the well-being of young households. She seemed to be always in a dying condition, being a great sufferer from a disease of the heart which had developed itself after the tragic death of her husband, whom she idolized.

Unknown to her, the Duke of Hamilton was terribly addicted to drink, and nearly every evening, under the pretext of going to the club, he went out and shut himself up in a wine-shop, where he indulged in solitary potations. It happened one evening that, being more intoxicated than usual, he staggered so badly on the staircase of the *Maison d'Or* that he missed his footing and fell the whole length. They lifted him up and carried him to the Hotel Bristol. Cerebral congestion supervened of

which he died a few days later, without having recovered consciousness.

The Empress herself assumed the task of breaking the sad news to the duchess.

About the time of the fall of the empire, the sons of the Duke of Hamilton, having become young men of great wealth and entire independence, indulged themselves freely in a life of pleasure. They were entirely ignorant of the peculiar circumstances connected with their father's death, and it reached the Empress's ears that they frequently organized gay suppers at the *Maison d'Or*. All Paris was familiar with the facts of the duke's death, and many people were shocked at the close connection between the conditions surrounding the tragic fate of the father and the noisy wine-parties of the sons.

The Empress took it upon herself to acquaint them with what had passed, and they at once left France. One of them has since died, and the elder, the present duke, still lives in England. The Duchess of Hamilton died at the age of seventy-two.

IX.

The Mexican War was one of the fatal mistakes of the empire. Its obscure and well-nigh indecipherable causes date back almost to 1858. We became involved in that unhappy enterprise by degrees, as we have since become involved in other remote expeditions.

It is exceedingly difficult to gather up all the broken threads of this catastrophe which ruined and compromised so many persons, cost so many lives and such vast expenditure, terminated so fatally in the tragedy of Queretaro, and was perhaps the possible origin of the events which brought about the fall of the empire.

Some Mexican families, despoiled of their rights and driven from their native land by incessant civil wars, came to Paris. Their interests had been shamefully and unjustly betrayed, and Mexican residents of all nationalities, French, Spanish, and English, had suffered alike. They united their

claims and obtained from their respective governments the promise of a joint appeal for redress from the Mexican Government.

For this purpose a conference met in London, and obtained from the Mexican Congress an agreement to pay the indemnities. Considerable time passed by, the outrages still continued, and the Mexican Government, at the end of its resources which were insufficient to satisfy the claims that were pressed upon it, declared that it neither could nor would pay the required sums.

This action aroused much excitement, the various powers detecting an underlying insult beneath the contempt with which the Mexican Government treated its obligations, and with a common accord France, England, and Spain agreed to unite in an energetic movement to exact the fulfillment of the Mexican promise.

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière was chosen commander of the French expedition, and departed for Vera Cruz armed with the most unlimited powers to act, both as military commander and minister plenipotentiary. The aim of the expedition was a financial reimbursement. The admiral expressly requested permission to remain outside any litigious difficulties, and therefore the expedition was supple-

mented by M. Dubois de Saligny, former minister to Mexico, who was especially charged with the conduct of the technical and financial part of the enterprise.

The admiral had a long conference with the Emperor himself before his departure, and thoroughly informed himself of his Majesty's idea, which was this: to force the Mexican government to respect the terms of indemnity imposed by the various powers, and to take advantage of the prestige attaching to the French name, in consequence of the glowing accounts rendered by Mexican visitors to Paris, to establish with that country relations favorable to the promotion of our interests, to open considerable channels in a new and wealthy country, and thus to bring about an opportunity for French influence to extend itself in this very important region of the New World at a particularly opportune moment, as just then all American traffic had come to a stand-still, owing to the war of the rebellion then being prosecuted between the North and South.

On arriving at Havana, Admiral Jurien learned that the Spanish fleet had preceded him, and was already stationed at Vera Cruz.

As to the English, preoccupied with the compli-

cations which threatened to involve them in the American struggle, the Mexican affair was to them a matter of merely secondary importance, and it was in the most indifferent and half-hearted manner that they decided to continue the joint enterprise against Mexico, ready to withdraw entirely if their interests elsewhere seemed more pressing. It had been thoroughly understood that there was to be no aggressive action taken, and that we should content ourselves in the beginning of the negotiations with maintaining a firm hold upon the duties as security, in case we did not obtain the required pecuniary satisfaction.

Yet the arrival of the Spanish squadron had already thrown the country into a state of consternation, as this naval display was look upon as a hostile menace. The Spanish had formerly occupied Mexico for many long years, and had left behind them anything but agreeable memories. The Mexicans regarded them as an hereditary enemy, and, fleeing before them, had evacuated not only the town and fortresses, but the whole coast-line, which was left undefended for an extent reaching almost to the city of Mexico, carrying with them all means of supply and transportation.

Our troops disembarked in an actual desert.

We had been led to anticipate an altogether different reception, and the question of feeding our men became a sorely perplexing problem. However, the members of the Mexican Congress soon showed themselves disposed to encourage the sojourn of the French among them, as our presence reassured the government and population as to the pacific nature of the negotiations. The appearance of our flotilla quite allayed their apprehensions, and they showed themselves very willing to receive us. In consequence of which, and in order to insure the security of the visiting corps, Admiral Jurien concluded the agreement called the *Soledad*, which delivered over to the French a belt of country sufficiently distant from the coast-line to admit of the use of vehicles, and well supplied with all the necessities of life.

Yet, notwithstanding the good-will that the admiral manifested in all his dealings with it, the Mexican Government stipulated that, in event of hostilities declaring themselves, the French expedition should agree to abandon the country granted them for occupation and retire to the coast-line. Admiral Jurien gave his word that the terms should be respected, and the preliminaries of the negotiations were at last entered upon ; not without much difficulty and delay, however, for it was not only

necessary to treat with Congress, but also to reconcile the pretensions of the three plenipotentaries.

General Prim, who directed the Spanish expedition, was particularly unmanageable, seeming to be entirely absorbed in an attempt to further his cause by means of personal influence. He was connected, through his wife, with a Mexican family of considerable prominence in the country, and this fact, together with the pompous reputation which had preceded him, caused him to be accredited with ambitious designs; moreover, it was said that Maréchal Serrano, who at that time directed the Spanish political affairs, was not sorry to see so disturbing an element removed to a safe distance.

The commander of the English fleet appeared to be much more interested in the far-off rumble of the United States artillery than in the furtherance of the matter in hand. Thus the admiral found himself in a very delicate situation, forced to carry on the negotiations almost single-handed and to guard against any breach of their pacific character.

The Congress appeared disposed to admit the claims of the different powers, but moved with a slowness which showed an evident desire to gain time, thereby greatly harassing and annoying the foreign representatives.

On his side, M. de Saligny, disgusted at finding himself reduced to a mere nullity—shoved aside, as it were, by the superior authority of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière—and having renewed many former relations among the Mexicans, wrote letter after letter to Paris saying that there was much dissatisfaction concerning the prudence with which the admiral was acting, that better things had been hoped of our intervention, etc.

He succeeded so well in impressing the French government with his views that the admiral received a courier from France, announcing the arrival of a military re-enforcement calculated to carry weight in hastening the negotiations. General Lorencez was sent to co-operate with him. At the same time, in order to insure his authority being respected, the general was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral, which made him the second in command.

At the very moment when these troops, which were but few in number, arrived at Vera Cruz, Spain and England, weary of waiting, severed their connection with the matter and retired, alleging as excuse for so doing the conduct of the Mexican Government, which persisted in seeking to discover for itself loop-holes of evasion, neither of the re-

spective powers being willing to assume a belligerent attitude.

General Lorencez, quite recently arrived, and still uninstructed in matters of local difficulty, committed the indiscretion of according the protection of the French flag to certain Mexican refugees, among whom was no less a person than Padre Miranda, who played such an atrocious *rôle* throughout the whole war. The government, greatly excited by this injudicious step, demanded that the refugees should be delivered up; but it was out of the question for us to abandon the unfortunates who had confided themselves to our care.

These trifling matters imbittered the relations existing between us, and Admiral Jurien saw that the hostile feelings with which, since the intervention of foreign powers, Mexico had regarded us, were assuming ugly proportions, being greatly fomented by the foiled ambition of Juarès, president of Congress.

Seeing himself dangerously menaced in the revolutionary gulf out of which he had been pretending to deliver the country, Juarès sought to arouse public opinion against the Europeans in the name of patriotic independence.

Admiral Jurien, foreseeing the entanglements

and perils to which he would be exposed by continuing to act alone after the other powers had judged it prudent to retire, insisted in his dispatches upon the necessity of an immediate evacuation. His advice did not prevail. Thereupon, without resigning his command, the admiral requested permission to return to France in order to explain his conduct and views to the Emperor. This was granted him, and he was accorded a hearing immediately upon his arrival in Paris.

In order that the conversation might be more prolonged he was invited to dine informally at the Tuileries. The general impression at court was that the Emperor regarded him somewhat unfavorably, owing to his opposing views concerning the Mexican question. Therefore, upon his arrival, every face took on its coldest and least cordial expression; but, when the Emperor appeared and his glance fell upon the admiral, he hastened forward with outstretched hands, welcomed him in the warmest manner, and at once engaged him in the most friendly and familiar conversation.

When this came to an end, all those who had shortly before turned a cold shoulder on the admiral pressed eagerly forward and showered him with

cordial congratulations upon the remarkable manner in which he had conducted his mission.

When the sun bursts through the clouds and illumines the hitherto obscure horizon, it produces this same magic result. This was one of the rarest instances of sycophancy that I ever observed at court. The effect of the sovereign's example was so immediate and thorough that I have always preserved a pleasant recollection of it.

The increasing complications connected with the Mexican enterprise caused his Majesty the gravest anxiety. The French hate to confess themselves in the wrong, and it seems to be the universal opinion that, where the honor of the flag is engaged, it is better to suffer a defeat than to frankly admit a mistake. Would to God that the Emperor had renounced this ill-fated expedition then!

Admiral Jurien de la Gravière did not return to Mexico, but, instead, was appointed aide-de-camp to the Emperor, who favored him with marked tokens of esteem and affection. His open, upright character, wide cultivation, agreeable qualities, and charming manners, at once disposed every one to like and sympathize with him; and the Empress soon learned to look upon him as a friend with

whom she might converse freely and share her innermost thoughts.

When the Emperor was about to depart on the campaign of 1870, he requested the admiral to remain with the Empress. Unhappily the admiral was denied the sad privilege of accompanying her Majesty when she left the Tuileries never to return.

It happened in this way: the palace, since early morning, had been filled with all sorts of persons; every one had entered at his own pleasure to report himself, and to place himself at the Empress's orders, and more than a hundred persons were gathered there when the time for departure came. Among them were many women, all of whom were desirous of being chosen to accompany her Majesty.

But she absolutely refused to permit any of the French people about her to expose themselves for her; and thus it was that she declined, under any consideration, to allow Admiral Jurien to follow her. She confided herself to the care of the Austrian and Italian ambassadors, knowing that their positions would entitle them to respect, and took no one with her but Mme. Lebreton Bourbaki, her reader, whose age and condition rendered her independent.

After the departure of the admiral from Mexico, the enterprise assumed a new character. General

Forey was named commander-in-chief, having under his command an important corps of the army. The campaign was vigorously conducted, and our soldiers gained for themselves fresh and brilliant laurels.

The victories won by our army, the prestige of France, and the consideration which the name of Napoleon III. had acquired throughout the whole world drew a vast number of the Mexican partisans of law and order about the French standard. These people were weary of the scandalous exactions and revolutionary difficulties that had crippled the country's energies for many years. The idea of a political transformation attracted a considerable party, and Juarès, who had fomented and sustained the broil with us, beaten at all points, supported only by a few guerrillas and a handful of adherents—fanatics on the subject of Mexican independence—was at last obliged to yield his submission; whereupon the entire country arose and requested the Emperor to interfere in the internal arrangements, and endeavor to establish a secure order of affairs in their richly endowed country, which had so long been the unhappy victim of anarchy and disorder.

There were dreams of creating a monarchical government capable of rivaling the power of the

United States in the New World. The sympathetic influence of the Austrian ambassador was now brought to bear in the matter.

Since the war in Italy, political ideas had become modified. Attracted by the loud report of arms which was heard from Prussia on the occasion of the annexation of the duchies, the Emperor seemed to incline toward an Austrian alliance. The Archduke Maximilian was proposed as a candidate for the Mexican throne, and as the selection was agreeable to the various powers, a Mexican deputation was sent to Miramar in 1863, to offer to the brother of the Emperor of Austria the imperial crown of Mexico.

The Archduke Maximilian, born the 6th of July 1832, Grand-admiral and Commander of the Imperial Navy of Austria, exercised at the time of the war in Italy the command in Lombardy. He had married, the 27th of July, 1859, Princess Carlotta, youngest daughter of the King of Belgium and Princesse Louise d'Orléans.

The young princess, being possessed of an energetic and adventurous disposition in addition to a cultivated and superior mind, received with enthusiasm the prospect of a new destiny for her husband, whose position at the imperial court of Austria

had of necessity been a second-rate and comparatively obscure one. She saw him at once the founder of a great empire and the instrument by which one of the richest countries of the world might be acquired to civilization.

The Archduke Maximilian was a man of chivalrous character and generous, upright mind. He was prompted to accept the throne offered him by the purest motives, and at once busied himself in negotiating to secure the support of the other European sovereigns and in forming the bases of future alliances which should be of service in creating a new state.

The assent of Austria was assured to him. Princesse Carlotta, his wife, was the favorite daughter of old King Leopold, who was so long the arbitrator between the various sovereigns. The support of France was already gained.

Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta paid a visit to the court at the Tuileries. Young, attractive, and full of the grandeur of the task they had undertaken, they pleased every one who saw them.

The Emperor agreed to leave in Mexico for three years a garrison of twenty-five thousand men, who should gradually return to France as the Mexi-

can army became organized. The country was to be charged with a war indemnity of sixty million francs, plus twenty-five millions per year, until the whole extent of the loan of two hundred and seventy million should be repaid. The principal banks of Europe opened their exchequers and, guaranteed by the French Government, concluded a loan sufficient to defray all these great expenses.

Maximilian assured himself of the co-operation of the officers who were detailed to serve under foreign rule in the task of organizing the Mexican army, and having subscribed to the principal terms of the agreement, he prepared to return to Miramar, where the investiture was to take place, pausing at Rome on the way for the purpose of regulating different matters concerning the religious side of the question with the sovereign pontiff.

The 16th of April, on his return to Miramar, where he was joined by a deputation of Mexicans of high position, the coronation took place. The witnesses to the ceremony included General Frossard, appointed by the Emperor of France as his representative, as well as the delegates of the other powers, and Maximilian thus received the title of Emperor of Mexico.

Shortly afterward the newly created Emperor

and Empress left their native land and set sail on the frigate Novara for their new empire, escorted by two French frigates. An escort of Belgian, French, and Austrian soldiers who accompanied them received the title of "Guard to the Empress Carlotta."

After an excellent voyage the fleet arrived at Vera Cruz on the 27th of July, where the Emperor and Empress received a most flattering and enthusiastic welcome, well calculated to encourage them in the work they had undertaken. To them was offered the crown of the old Aztec kings—which had been religiously preserved since the fall of the ancient dynasty—as to the prince who, according to an old prophecy, was to come from the East to reign over Mexico; and the Emperor, gathering about him all those whose aid might be of value in his great task, set himself courageously at work to lay the foundations of the new state.

Memory looks sadly back upon this young couple bravely leaving home, friends, and family for a strange life; trusting unhesitatingly to the stability of a new and uncertain empire; voluntarily departing from the tranquil shades of that charming retreat on the borders of the Adriatic where, at the foot of the Tyrolese mountains, they had delighted

in constructing a fairy palace to shelter their happy and harmonious union.

In 1866, the agreement entered into by the Emperor Napoléon to leave a corps of French soldiers in Mexico expired, and the troops were recalled. Delivered up to his own resources, Maximilian now found himself confronted by unexpected difficulties.

Immediately upon the withdrawal of the French army the hopes of those revolutionists who denied Maximilian's right to the throne, by reason of his foreign birth, awoke, and the country insufficiently organized and torn by the violence of opposing factions at a time when its new government had scarcely begun to feel familiar with its duties, found itself plunged into the midst of a series of disorders which threatened to menace the personal safety of the Emperor.

Maximilian considered it a point of honor not to abandon the post that he had voluntarily accepted. It was said that, foreseeing the inevitable result of the impending disaster and desiring to spare the Empress the fate that he knew must await her if she carried out her wish of remaining and sharing his destiny, in order to invent a pretext for inducing her to leave, he suggested that she should return

to Europe and seek to obtain sufficient forces to aid him in quelling the revolution and sustaining his authority.

In August, 1866, the Empress Carlotta arrived in Paris, and without waiting to take the slightest rest, which was so much needed after her rough voyage, requested the Emperor to grant her an immediate interview.

The court equipages were sent to fetch her from her hotel, and, with an escort becoming her sovereign rank, the Empress of Mexico arrived about two o'clock at Saint-Cloud.

The Emperor and Empress received her at the foot of the staircase, and it was with the most profound emotion that these three persons again met, under circumstances which presented such a cruel contrast to their joyous parting.

The Emperor, Empress, and Empress Carlotta mounted the grand staircase of the palace and, having hurriedly performed the customary ceremonies of presentation, proceeded at once to the Empress's study where they shut themselves in for a long and confidential talk.

The whole appearance of the Empress of Mexico, who was then only twenty-six years old, betrayed the deepest grief and most harassing anxiety. She

was tall, with a fine, elegant figure, a round face, beautiful, deepset brown eyes, and most charming features. She wore a long black silk dress which still showed the creases of packing, testifying its wearer's impatience of delay, as it had evidently been hastily drawn from the trunk where it had lain during the long voyage and hurriedly donned, without undergoing any freshening process. A black lace mantle and a very becoming white hat which had been purchased ready trimmed that very morning at some milliner's emporium, completed this simple costume.

The heat that day was perfectly overpowering, and, whether from the effect of the long carriage ride from Paris to Saint-Cloud or because of the emotions that were agitating her, the Empress's face was exceedingly red.

She was accompanied by two Mexican ladies of honor, extremely small, black, and ugly, neither of whom could speak French acceptably. While their Majesties were engaged in a long and private conversation we endeavored to entertain these two strangers, both of whom seemed terribly frightened. I succeeded in exchanging a few sentences with one of them, and in an effort to shorten the time of waiting we offered them some refreshments.

The Mexican lady begged me to send for some orangeade which, she said, the Empress Carlotta was in the habit of taking at this hour of the morning. Accordingly I gave an order to one of the *maîtres d'hôtel*, who happened to be in the room, to have the drink prepared and carried to the Empress.

Disturbed by the interruption at such an important moment, the Empress Eugénie demanded of the man why he brought the orangeade thither. He replied that it was by my order; thereupon the Empress drank some of it and pressed it upon the Empress Carlotta, who, after appearing to hesitate an instant, accepted it.

After the Mexican Empress had departed, her Majesty asked me what had induced me to send in the orangeade, remarking that the Empress Carlotta seemed surprised at its appearance, only drinking it upon her urgent insistance. I then explained what had passed, and the Empress suggested that the lady of honor had shown rather too much zeal, and that probably the Empress Carlotta had been annoyed by so trifling an interruption of such a serious discussion.

For two hours the unfortunate Empress, with all the eloquence, boldness, and persuasiveness which

great misfortunes have at their command, exposed to the Emperor the terrible difficulties and dangers surrounding a foreign prince in a country agitated by revolutionary disturbances, in the midst of an almost savage population, and subject to all the horrors of treason and stratagem which might be employed by ambitious politicians only too familiar with violence and excess.

The complications which had already begun to create difficulties in France bound the Emperor's hands. Although nothing in the world could have been more painful to his kind heart than to abandon an ally whom he had been so instrumental in placing on a danger-encompassed throne, he was obliged to content himself with begging the Empress to prevail upon her husband to renounce so desperate an enterprise and return to Europe. The Emperor exerted his utmost efforts to induce Maximilian to accede to this proposal, but the latter, considering his honor engaged in the matter and resolved to fulfill his duty to the utmost, was utterly intolerant of such a course of action.

The unhappy Empress, deceived by false hopes, could not bring herself to abandon her purpose, and declared her intention of making new attempts to procure aid from the Emperor of Austria and her

father, the King of Belgium. She even spoke of going to Rome to endeavor to enlist the assistance of the Holy Father himself. It was said even then that her mind was beginning to weaken.

She left Saint-Cloud with a despairing face and features contracted by her efforts to stifle her bitter tears, leaving the Emperor and Empress a prey to the saddest reflections. Very shortly after this visit she showed signs of unnatural excitement of mind; she gave vent to all sorts of incoherent remarks, and, beginning to suffer terribly from headaches and fever, indulged in the wildest theories of poisoning, saying that she had been a victim of foul play and that the glass of orangeade that she had drunk at Saint-Cloud had been the fatal instrument of her undoing.

Finally a merciful God entirely deprived her of her reason and she was thus spared the horrible agony of learning the tragic fate of the Emperor Maximilian, that young and noble husband whom she adored.

The news of the distressing malady which had overtaken the Empress Carlotta reached Mexico in the midst of the most alarming political difficulties, and the Emperor, who was himself suffering and exhausted by the heat of the climate, was almost

tempted to rejoice in a circumstance which absolutely prevented the Empress's return.

The conservative party supporting the Emperor conjured him not to renounce the throne, as advices from Europe counseled his doing; while the republican party, regaining strength after the departure of the French troops, endeavored to force the Emperor to abdicate and quit the country. General Bazaine served throughout the entire Mexican campaign as commander of the first division under General Forey. After the latter's recall he was appointed commander in chief of the French garrison.

Having become widowed through a series of tragic circumstances, he married for a second wife a young girl belonging to a Mexican family of good standing. This gave rise to the accusation that he was trying to create a preponderating influence for himself in the country. His attitude toward the Emperor Maximilian was a most unpleasant one. Backed by the prestige attaching to the French name, he was charged with an attempt to pose as direct representative of the Emperor Napoleon; these charges were well grounded.

He even set forth claims to precedence, which provoked the anger of the Emperor and Empress of Mexico, and of which they complained bitterly.

For instance, when Maréchal and Mme. Bazaine assisted at mass, they required that the clergy should precede them and receive them under the dais; a token of respect paid to sovereigns alone. At the time of the evacuation of the French troops, Bazaine published an order of the day authorizing all soldiers who had served in the Mexican army at foreign expense to return to France with the outgoing corps, under penalty of being considered deserters. This caused a terrible commotion among the recently formed Mexican army, in which the greater part of our own men occupied high rank.

Considering themselves bound by the engagements they had made with Maximilian, a certain number of them refused to retire from his service, and continued to remain under the orders of Miramon and other officers devoted to Maximilian.

Nearly a year rolled by filled with the most tragic events.

"A true Hapsburg does not abandon his post in time of danger," the Mexican Emperor asserted.

Surrounded by pitfalls, supported by insufficient and miserably equipped troops, Maximilian sustained a war against an irregular body of men who exercised neither justice nor mercy, until, beaten at all points, a final attack was made upon him at Queretaro,

whither he had retired with what remained to him of his faithful troops.

Among the generals confined with him there was General Lopez, whom the Emperor honored with his confidence. The name of this man should be held up to public contempt and loathing, as are those of the most dastardly criminals and traitors. On the 15th of May, 1867, he delivered the place up to the enemy, and the Emperor fell, defenseless, into the hands of Juarès, that ambitious barbarian, whom the arrival of Maximilian in Mexico had temporarily reduced to powerlessness.

A mock trial was instituted, in which the Emperor was accused of high treason in having endeavored to introduce foreign rule into Mexico. But his death had already been decided upon by these savages as an example to European powers not to meddle with Mexican affairs.

Overwhelmed with calamities, exhausted by illness, and delivered without hope of mercy or succor to a band of ferocious adventurers, the Emperor sustained this iniquitous proceeding and the death-sentence which followed with a greatness of soul and firmness of spirit that touched the hearts of even his butchers. Entirely forgetful of self, he expressed the most sincere regret for those of his

friends who had been compromised in his cause, lamenting the sorrows which threatened the beautiful land which he had regarded as an adopted country, and to which he hoped that his death might at least assure peace and safety.

On the morning of the 19th of June, 1867, after having heard mass and received the sacraments, the Emperor Maximilian marched to his death with a calm brow and loyal spirit, feeling only the most generous and unselfish good-will toward the people to whom he had hoped to bring order and prosperity, and in whose midst he was about to so miserably sacrifice a pure and beautiful life.

Of his own accord he placed himself in the midst of the escort who were to conduct him to his death, and took leave of the friends who still clung to him with affectionate serenity.

"Death is far easier than one imagines," he said to them. "I am ready."

Arrived at the place of execution, he distributed the little gold that he still possessed among the men who were to shoot him.

"Fire bravely," he said. "May mine be the last blood shed for this country!"

These were his last words. He died nobly as became a prince, Christian, and soldier. The news of

this horrible assassination reached Paris on the very morning of the distribution of medals for the Grand Exposition of 1867. The Emperor and Empress heard of it with the most bitter regret and sorrow.

A few days before the murder of Maximilian a report reached Mexico, and was communicated to the Emperor, to the effect that the Empress Carlotta was dead. He found a sad consolation in the tidings.

"God be praised!" he exclaimed. "At least she will never know of the atrocities which have taken place here."

The Emperor's body was embalmed through the care of his friends and sent to Europe on board the frigate Novara, the same vessel which four years before had conducted him to that empire whose possession had been such a fatal gift. Maximilian was thirty-five years old at the time of his death.

The Empress Carlotta lives in Belgium, where for many years she remained sad but calm, wearing, unconsciously, her widow's weeds and wandering silently about in the solitude of Laeken, where her infancy had been spent and where she had been placed through the solicitude of her sister-in-law, Queen Henrietta, who watches over her with the most tender devotion.

They say that now her once lovely spirit has become quite darkened, and that naught remains of that once happy and beloved wife, of that noble and brave young Empress, but a faint shadow, unappreciative of the life which is slowly fading from her.

X.

The empire gave an impetus both powerful and intelligent to philanthropic and humanitarian interests. The good that was done the working classes, thanks to a far-sighted initiative, is incalculable.

The infant asylums and schools were increased in number. The Empress assumed the major share in the organization of these benevolent undertakings, evincing the most unremitting solicitude. The condition of the weak and sick was for her the object of constant care. It was her custom to visit the beneficent and hospitable institutions that she might personally inspect all details, with a view to applying modifications, devising new means, and creating fresh resources for the benefit of the laboring and indigent classes.

Frequently of a morning the Empress wanted to go out alone with me to visit one or more of these establishments, either in the hospitals or prisons.

No advance preparations would be made since her Majesty insisted upon the strictest *incognito*, and would never permit her calls to be announced, it being her wish to secure an actual estimate of affairs and conditions.

Early in the morning I was accustomed to be informed that the Empress would go out, in order that I might be in readiness to accompany her. Generally we set out about nine o'clock. Her Majesty would take a large, dark-colored landau lined with gray cloth, which she called her wall-colored carriage. A griffin painted upon either door replaced the imperial escutcheon; the coachman and groom wore a black English livery without cockade, and thus we were accustomed to go into the poorest quarters, as do the charitable ladies who are associated with the nuns in caring for and consoling the sick in their own lodgings.

The Maison Eugéne-Napoléon, founded with the price of the six-hundred-thousand-franc necklace offered the Empress upon her marriage by the city of Paris, the first charitable endowment of her Majesty, still exists, thanks to the indefatigable devotion of the holy women who direct it. With a genius for charity they have succeeded in maintaining their three hundred orphans; several genera-

tions of children have already grown to womanhood, and yet in eighteen years every detail remains as it was.

The huge buildings, erected for all time with a truly royal munificence, ever shelter that vast family gathered about the daughters of Saint Vincent de Paul, Sisters of Charity, to whom the Empress had confided the direction of her asylum. They have succeeded in realizing the miracle of having made good the sum which the Empress raised upon her private exchequer.

The children's work has its place in the economy of the institution. Paying boarders are now received, and at the moderate compensation of thirty francs per month children can there secure a comfortable home and an education fitting them to earn a livelihood in the future.

With admirable constancy, with that sublime solicitude which is one of the most touching evidences of charity, the mother superior herself, who in concert with the Empress had founded the orphan asylum and who was a woman of rare intelligence, succeeded in obtaining from various sources a concurrence which has secured the maintenance of the house.

In 1873 failure and ruin threatened the estab-

lishment. The Empress was no longer able to command the considerable sums of money which she formerly dispensed, the credit was exhausted, the Maison Eugènie-Napoléon was overwhelmed with debts to the amount of three hundred thousand francs.

From time to time attempts were made to organize a lottery; the Empress sent bracelets and jewels; one year she contributed the baptismal robe of the Prince Imperial, but the results were insufficient—and yet these maternal angels were loath to abandon their children. A struggle to the death ensued; but when, a few years later, the mother superior upon her death-bed gathered about her the administrative committee, composed of generous-hearted men who had assisted her in her task, wishing to settle her accounts, as she expressed herself, before setting out upon a long journey, all the debts were paid.

"And I have two hundred and seventy-five francs in the treasury," she added with sublime pride.

Everything remains in the same order to-day as formerly. The maintenance of an exquisite cleanliness throughout the immense abode lends that appearance of comfort and well-being with which the

Empress insisted upon surrounding her little protégées.

With their sublime serenity the nuns show here and there some delapidation of painting in the long galleries and in the vast corridors. A few years since the municipal council withdrew the subsidy of three thousand francs which had been granted them after the war for the support of the establishment, but the children are ever nurtured and cared for with the same spirit of solicitude. Actuated by a sentiment of fraternity and good-fellowship which does them credit, the senior members, such as have made a place for themselves in the world, many of whom have prospered, receive their younger comrades upon their graduation from the home, for the purpose of aiding and directing their course of life; and one and all are free to return to the blessed roof which sheltered them in their weakness, and beneath which they ceased to be orphans. Thither they lead their children as into the bosom of their family, and thither they ever find their way when in search of affection and counsel.

In the great hall set apart for reunions on *fête* days two long silken veils conceal full-length portraits of the Emperor and Empress in the radiance of their grandeur and beauty, as if, it would appear,

veiled from the curiosity of the vulgar eye. Upon the front of the chapel are graven these words, inspired by a pious thought:

"In accordance with the invocation of the most holy Virgin and of Sainte-Eugénie this house was founded to the honor of religion and labor."

At the back of the altar in the cupola is still to be seen the fresco representing the Empress kneeling in her nuptial robes, surrounded by the Sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, offering her necklace to the little orphans. In May, 1871, during the Commune, this painting was partially shrouded by the shrubbery which ornamented the altar for the celebration of the month of Mary. Thus it chanced that it escaped the devastators.

All the events of the Empress's life are signalized by some benevolent undertaking. In 1853, during a sojourn of three weeks in Dieppe, in addition to alms distributed among the schools and the poor, she gave a sum of fifty thousand francs to the Sisters of Providence, whom she took under her patronage. Another sum was granted for the creation of a society in aid of aged and infirm sailors, as well as of families having lost some member or members at sea.

Notre-Dame des Sept-Douleurs, the Asile Ma-

thilde, founded in 1853, under the presidency of Princesse Mathilde, was destined as an incurable hospital for young women of the diocese of Paris. Once admitted, they were free to remain there even unto the end. The Hospital Sainte-Eugénie, founded on the 16th of March, 1854, was destined for children. It contained four hundred and five beds; here little invalid girls found asylum, while the boys were cared for at the Hospital of the Infant Jesus, which comprised six hundred and ninety-eight beds.

The municipal council of Paris undertook to organize a system of domiciliary aid for laborers out of work and for families in needy circumstances not entered at the bureaus of benevolence. On the 16th of February, 1854, the Emperor and Empress sent a sum of six hundred thousand francs out of their privy purse in support of this endowment.

On the 15th of September, 1856, a few months after the birth of the Prince Imperial, the Orphan Asylum of the Prince Imperial became by decree an institution of public utility. The consideration which actuated the creation of this establishment was that of giving the benefits of home-life to orphan children, and of placing them in the households of honest workmen, where they were received

for a consideration. A subscription, opened at the time of the Prince Imperial's birth, furnished the first funds. To this the Emperor added an annual allowance from his private purse in the name of his son. Furthermore, certain gifts and legacies were consecrated to the same end.

Not only were charitable undertakings increased, but new ones created, the effects of which have rendered immense service to the indigent classes.

Through visiting the sick in the hospitals the Empress was struck at seeing how weak and debilitated were the majority upon being dismissed; how unfitted for work and the exigencies of earning a livelihood. It was to meet this want that the Imperial Asylum at Vincennes was founded with a capacity for the reception of four hundred and sixty convalescents. The town gave ten thousand metres of land, the Emperor two million francs from his private purse, and the asylum was inaugurated in 1857. From that period until 1866 the asylum received fifty-seven thousand, eight hundred and forty-four convalescents. A similar asylum for women was opened at Vésinet. During the same period of time this establishment received twenty-seven thousand working women upon their dismissal from the hospitals.

A veritable genius for good work, the Empress thought to institute lectures to occupy and amuse the convalescents during the tedious hours of weakness and inaction that succeed illness. Appealing to the concourse of distinguished men, prelates, *savants*, authors, and economists, the Empress decided that three times each week lectures should be delivered in the Asile Impérial de Vincennes upon questions of practical and moral science. She even allowed from her private purse a considerable sum to defray the expenses incident upon this creation. Monseigneur Darboy, who was inscribed among the number of professors charged with these familiar talks, himself inaugurated the lectures at the Asile Impérial de Vincennes surrounded by devoted men who had given themselves to the work.

Upon his arrival, the Archbishop of Paris was received with enthusiastic cries of "Long live monseigneur!" "Long live the Empress!" In his address of welcome to the prelate, M. de Bosredon, secretary in chief to the Minister of the Interior, thus explained the purpose of the lectures:

"Already, gentlemen," he remarked, "all that can contribute to the restoration of your strength, spent with labor and suffering, has been been employed here; but one thing still is lacking, and this

her Majesty, the Empress, has graciously supplied; she has not only desired to make this asylum of advantage to the body, but to the mind and soul as well.

"These lectures will be given you by eminent men who have responded to the appeal of her Majesty. Some will recall those great thoughts of religion and morality which occasionally slumber in the heart of man, but which, when that heart is touched by suffering and grief, become an inestimable, a celestial consolation.

"Others will expose the economic laws of labor and wages, some knowledge of which is necessary for you the better to understand and serve your own interests. Others will read you leading passages from admired authors whom French audiences ever applaud, for the reason that in France the public, though it may be lacking in literary culture, is never devoid of a natural good taste. Finally, others will describe the marvels of science and the no less astonishing discoveries of industry. None of you will henceforth leave the asylum without having received some curious facts, some good counsel, or some useful truths that he will communicate to his children or comrades, thus extending the noble love of study and instruction of which he has been made the possessor."

Having praised the wish of the Emperor, in opening the home for convalescents, to bridge the abyss existing between the bed of the suffering workman and his work-shop, the venerable Archbishop of Paris rendered thanks in generous terms to the Empress who had furthered and completed the work in establishing the lectures. Referring to the words of M. de Bosredon, Monseigneur Darboy remarked:

"It is not intended to give you the details and developments of science, viewed in its most profound and technical purposes, but a relative knowledge which may be useful to your professions. By these means you will be able to perfect your trade, your art, or your industry, for a man manages his affairs and derives advantage hence according as he is master of his calling. Every profession, ennobled and perfected, contributes to the general progress and to the amelioration of all that which pertains to life and well-being. Everything is of import in this world; even the humblest trade, the most obscure industry, bears some relation to the arts, the sciences, and those superior labors of human genius which honor and aggrandize the fatherland.

"The whole world is but one grand concert in which each one strikes his note, plays his part, and

in which each one of us should be proud to contribute to the general harmony; and that without disparaging and hating those who labor under other conditions and with different aptitudes. This magnificent union of ability and strength is my dream for the repose, the prosperity, and the grandeur of my country, and I am stirred by the thought of all that France might be if only her children would draw upon their resources and place the result to the national credit!"

Such were the evangelic words of this prelate who was an ardent patriot, and who later fell an expiatory victim of crimes committed in the fatal hour of the nation's existence.

The Empress entertained a vast respect for the human soul; she felt that all conditions of men can be reached when the heart and brain are appealed to.

In 1857 an establishment was founded at Berck-sur-Mer for the treatment of scrofulous children. Convalescent homes for children were founded at Falaise (1859) and at Épinay (1861), the latter being placed under the patronage of the venerable Abbé Deguerry, *curé* of La Madeleine, and of Dr. Conneau, director of the Emperor's private charities.

These houses received children discharged from the hospitals of the Enfant-Jésus and Sainte-Eugénie. Thus they enjoyed fresh air and excellent hygienic conditions until completely restored to health.

But it was not alone the Parisian population who became the object of the imperial solicitude. In all the great centers, especially where there was much good to be done, the benevolence of the sovereigns was exercised with unstinted liberality.

On the 9th of July, 1866, the Empress addressed the following letter to M. Henri Chevreau, presiding prefect of Lyons:

"MONSIEUR LE SÉNATEUR: I have followed with the keenest interest all the measures undertaken by the commission of the hospitals of Lyons in aid of a suffering populace; the creation of the Croix-Rousse lying-in hospital, the installation of a greater number of beds in the Charity Hospital, and finally the new system of interment, in which I am particularly interested, are alike proofs of the intelligent and devoted zeal which the commission has brought to the accomplishment of its noble task. I am also aware that, thanks to its activity, other ameliorations are in progress of execution, but it seems to me that still another abyss remains to be bridged.

The establishment at Vincennes of a home for convalescents decreed by the Emperor in 1853, has demonstrated the necessity of not permitting patients to pass directly from the hospital to the work-shop.

"I desire, Monsieur le Sénateur, to impress the importance of this consideration upon Lyons, and to that end I give, without restrictions, to the hospitals of your city, the Château of Longchêne with all its dependencies that it may become an asylum for convalescents.

"The interests of the poor are too well placed in the hands of the administration and of the commission of hospitals for me to appeal to their zeal to the end that this asylum shall be opened with as brief a delay as possible. I thank you also for the promptness which you have evinced in this respect.

"Believe me, Monsieur le Sénateur, in all interest, EUGÉNIE.

"TUILERIES, *July 9, 1866.*"

The war of secession in America had its consequences in France and led to a most painful industrial crisis, particularly in the great manufacturing centers.

On the 4th of March, 1862, the Emperor sent

the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand francs from his private exchequer to the prefects of the Rhône, Loire, Seine Inférieure, and Nord in aid of laborers out of employment.

In Paris and Bordeaux, in September, 1859, the instruction of deaf mutes received a fresh impulse; the central association for the education of deaf mutes was placed under the patronage of the Prince Imperial, and everywhere, side by side with the expenses of the state, appeared the initiative, the generous gifts of the sovereigns. A decree of 1862 placed the infant homes and schools under the protection of the Empress, while everywhere they were increased in number.

During the war in Italy the Empress caused a subscription to be opened in aid of the widows and orphans of our soldiery. The subscription produced 5,180,000 francs. A committee was constituted for the distribution of pensions and gifts, and operated under the presidency of the Empress.

In 1858 the military hospital at Vincennes was inaugurated. The Empress was actively associated in the creation of the life-saving society, which was recognized as an establishment of public utility by the decree of November 17, 1865.

The Empress had accepted the patronage of this

society and sent the first three life-boats with their accessories, which represented a sum of thirty thousand francs. Since that epoch the life-saving stations have been multiplied. When the fogs envelop the coast, when the tempest is let loose, the vessels go astray, the fishing-smacks lose sight of the haven of refuge; then the sea hurls them upon the rocks, submerges, crushes them until the strand is strewed with corpses and *débris*.

Thanks to the energy, to the devotion of the coast-guards, who formerly remained powerless in the majority of cases, when a ship in distress is now signaled the life-boats are manned, and each year hundreds of sailors and passengers, doomed to perish but for their timely succor, are snatched from the jaws of death.

In another direction, and one perhaps still higher in aim, the work being the noblest of all charities, the Empress devoted much time to the amelioration of the condition of the female working classes.

The Society of the Prince Imperial, instituted in 1862, rendered incalculable service. It was started by means of endowments fixed at one hundred francs or of annual subscriptions of ten francs. Its object was to make loans to workmen and small manufacturers to assist them in the purchase of in-

struments, tools, and necessary materials. The loans were not to exceed five hundred francs; the moral standing of the borrowers was investigated, and the sums required were furnished at the low rate of interest of one half of one per cent. Only in rare cases were the payments unpunctual.

About this time the use of sewing-machines became general. Thanks to this assistance, a vast number of women were enabled to secure this means of support. The funds of the work were entered as loans and administered by a committee of twenty members, under the presidency of the Empress, who personally signed several thousand orders decorated with her portrait, which she sent in acknowledgement to the subscribers. The Society of the Prince Imperial undertook to establish committees in all sufficiently important localities.

In August, 1866, during the sojourn of the court at Saint-Cloud, a fund was started for the benefit of invalid workmen which was the object of many combinations and much discussion.

A considerable capital was raised by a tax of one per cent upon all public works executed at the expense of the state, of the departments and parishes, while a light assessment placed at the disposition of the adherents eight hundred pensions

of three hundred francs payable to disabled workmen or their widows.

In January, 1867, eight kitchens, placed under the patronage of the Prince Imperial, distributed during the space of a few months 1,244,736 meals at five centimes each. They were opened in the most populous quarters of the city—Rue des Gravilliers, des Anglaises, Vendamne, de la Rosière, Lacroix, Polonceau, Véron, and des Amandiers.

On the 22d of Feburary, 1866, the Empress paid Charenton a visit. One of the inmates of the asylum, apparently sane, approached her, and in the most rational, even eloquent terms, besought her to intercede with the administration to the end that justice might be done him and his liberty restored.

"I am deeply interested in scientific work," he informed the Empress. "My family were alarmed lest I should waste my fortune in the researches I make in behalf of the latest applications of science, and it was through their odious rapacity that they have shut me up here. Permit me, madame, to present some of my works; be good enough to have them examined. One alone will satisfy you whether a disordered brain is able to carry scientific calculations to such an extent."

His language was clear and intelligent, his man-

ners perfect. Keenly interested and somewhat distrustful of the reputation the doctors of the insane bear, being all too prone to discover madness in every mind, the Empress resolved to do all in her power to relieve the lot of the unfortunate man. She commanded M. Duruy, at that time Minister of Public Instructions, to examine these documents. They were intrusted to specialists, and shortly afterward M. Duruy made his report, declaring them to be the product of a remarkably endowed mind.

The Empress determined to return to Charenton for the purpose of seeing her *protégé* again and of personally giving him an account of the examination of his work while action was being taken in regard to his family and the faculty. The man manifested the liveliest delight at this new visit of the Empress.

"Ah, madame," he exclaimed, "you alone are able to save me! My family are my worst enemies. Just see! they have placed the Panthéon on the end of my nose to prevent my making my escape from here!"

Alas! this mind in all respects so superior was actually unhinged upon certain questions, though apparently so logical.

The Empress was indefatigable in her superintendence of charitable institutions. Very frequently she would hear of some misfortune or calamity which claimed her attention; thereupon she would ascertain the details, and, having possessed herself of them, she would go among the poorest people bearing aid and encouragement. The sufferers rarely guessed the quality of the person whom they received, and could only have recognized her by the generosity of her offerings. The Empress always went forth with a full purse and returned with it empty. Thus great sums of money were, little by little, dispensed from that tiny envelope.

Mme. Lebaudy, whose benevolence is well known, having gone to visit a poor invalid to whom she frequently carried some little comforts, chanced to pass one day upon the staircase two ladies whose appearance struck her, but who passed her rapidly, as if desirous of concealing their identity; however, there was no mistaking the pair, one of whom she recognized as the Empress. Upon reaching her *protégée's* chamber, she found her fairly radiant. The woman informed her that two unknown ladies had called to see her, and had left her a generous memento of their visit. One of them had even observed that her bed was out of order and badly

made, and with her own hands had adjusted the covers and set the room to rights. From the description given, Mme. Lebaudy at once recognized the fact that it was indeed the Empress whom she had met. She informed the poor woman, who almost fainted with emotion and delight. Persons who have had the honor of living familiarly with the Empress will all bear witness to similar acts upon her part.

It was under just such circumstances that her Majesty dreaded lest she might betray herself and be recognized. She was loath to be accused of affectation in paying such visits.

"It would be easy enough," she once said to me, "to send what I carry, but I try to do myself a little good at the same time, for when I find myself surrounded by misery and suffering I am better able to bear my own cares and anxieties."

Moreover, it required some courage to enter the houses of distant quarters whither we were in the habit of going. One day the Empress went into the neighborhood of Belleville to visit a woman who had been confined with her twelfth child. The street was narrow and crooked, and leaving her carriage at some distance the Empress set out on foot. The poor woman lived in a tenement, a

veritable hive, where at that early hour the women, coming and going, were busy attending to the cares of their households.

In a corner of the court, which was large, the Empress espied a child of some three or four years of age knocked down by a ragamuffin much stronger, who had snatched from his hands a cake which some one had given him.

The Empress hurried to the spot, released the little fellow, and, recovering the cake from the hands of his adversary, put the latter to shame and gave the younger lad a louis to buy more; but the larger boy, finding that he had lost the cake, set up a frightful howl, whereupon his mother, believing that her child was being ill-treated, rushed out and began to insult the "rigged-up women" and raise a riot among the other women of the quarter who, not knowing what was to pay, joined the chorus. As these had no end of Billingsgate at their tongues' ends, the Empress was obliged to regain her carriage without loss of time, leaving her charitable work undone.

Such incidents, however, were rare, and though she often passed unrecognized, her visits were received with deep gratitude and much deference.

The Empress gave great assistance to the work

of maternal charity founded by Marie-Antoinette, a work which aims at securing domicile for pregnant women. Through its means they receive medical care, a certain amount of money, clothing for the child, and linen. The Empress was president of the organization.

In 1865, during the Emperor's journey to Algiers, the powers of regency were vested in the Empress. During this time she specially interested herself in youthful prisoners. But in an administration so well organized as the French administration routine possesses a power which carries all before it. Neither the changes wrought by time, nor the modifications which transpire in habits and customs prevail against it. From the moment that any affair comes under the direction of the administration no hope can be entertained of introducing any change; it is declared perfect, and one runs the risk of becoming an enemy to the state if one seeks to ameliorate it. The Empress herself discovered this fact.

One day her Majesty went to the Petite Roquette, accompanied by M. Boitelle, at that time chief of police, and several other heads of the administration. The cellular system—that is to say, the torture of solitary confinement—was the rule of

blasphemy and insults to those who surrounded her, seeking to comfort her.

The Empress approached and spoke to her. She sympathized with her, and used such gentle, touching words that the hardened heart relaxed.

"What! are you the Empress?" she said, "and can you, so rich, so beautiful, so happy, interest yourself in a wretch like me, and seem touched because I suffer? It must be true, then, that there is a good God since you have so kind a heart."

Thereupon she became calm; she asked forgiveness of the sisters and of the nurses; she begged one of the nuns to lend her her beads, and, with the assistance of the Empress she passed them around her throat, holding them against her poor, distorted face; then she asked for the priest and sought confession. A little later she expired in the consolation of prayer. The savage despair had yielded to divine hope, and the closing hours of that sad life were perhaps the sweetest.

The bearing of consolation to the dying is a sacred task; than it there is no duty more merciful. Ordinarily simple, almost playful in conversation, the Empress possessed upon such occasions an exalted, touching eloquence which is the privilege of truly great souls.

The day of that visit to Saint-Lazare was one upon which the Empress received the most touching proof of popular gratitude. The report of her presence in the prison spread, and a crowd gathered to see her. The people divine generosity by intuition. They comprehended that the visit of the Empress to these poor, despised creatures was an act of touching humanity.

When, on going out, she appeared upon the threshold of the prison, a concert of tender benedictions met her, and it was through the midst of kneeling groups of women who sought to touch her hands and garments while they presented their children to her that the Empress regained her carriage. It seemed as if they wished to testify their highest respect for one who had not hesitated to display her clemency toward infamy.

Her Majesty's benevolence and generosity were well known; while her visits among the cholera patients of Paris and Amiens proclaimed the valor of her serene soul.

Toward the end of September, 1865, the court was at Biarritz when tidings came that Paris was invaded by the cholera, terrible memoirs of which had been rife among the Parisian populace since the year of its last advent, 1849. It was at once

"Because she beat me."

"And your father?"

"Papa wasn't there."

More than twenty times this sad recital fell from the lips of the children with the hopelessness bred of those social plagues, against which there seems to be so little remedy that one strives to forget the specter in order to exorcise it. Still it exists.

Older ones, with evil faces and furtive eyes, seemed to be fully conscious of their faults; these were already genuine culprits. They essayed long stories in an attempt to jumble questions and replies unintelligibly. One felt them to be branded for crime, while their fury at chastisement sharpening their sullied imaginations, they seemed to meditate in their solitary abandonment a series of subtle, bold strokes. And there they lived alongside the others, the innocent ones who were much more numerous and whose only crime was that they were poor, weak, and forgotten.

Some of these children were there by parental instigation. One of them, a handsome boy of fourteen years, with a bold air, had suffered imprisonment for a year. His father was a police officer. He had purloined some trifle in passing through the street. His father, fancying his official dignity was

menaced by the act of his son, had shut him up for a whole year; furious at so terrible a punishment, the unhappy boy had sworn to be avenged.

"I will kill my father," he said, "when I get out of here!"

Nothing could appease him, and under the most severe correction he persisted in his declaration. The Empress questioned him. He told her his story intelligently.

"My father had no right for such a little thing to torture me to this extent. He is unjust, and I will kill him!"

Thereupon the Empress, drawing him gently to her, talked kindly to him, and so touchingly portrayed the course of duty that the child completely overcome, flung himself upon his knees, burst into tears, and promised to renounce his dread design. Then the Empress promised to have his father spoken to and requested to abridge the duration of the boy's imprisonment. She was as good as her word, and for several years she watched over him, having secured him an apprenticeship which he filled to his credit.

It was about this time that M. Émile Ollivier first appeared at the Tuileries. He had delivered a most important discourse in the Chamber upon

trades-unions and the rights of the working classes. The Empress desired to converse with him, so he was invited to dine at the Tuileries in company with several of his colleagues. These gentlemen attached much importance to the manner of attire in which they should present themselves. Liberal ideas at that period permitted no concessions in regard to costume, it appears. When it became known that M. Émile Ollivier had accepted an invitation to dine at the Tuileries, his friends asked themselves with much agitation whether or no he would don short clothes, which was court dress, and thus far pledge himself to tyranny.

Fortunately, the invitation was informal, and these gentlemen were relieved upon being informed by a gentleman in waiting that upon ordinary evenings court dress was not worn. Accordingly, at the dinner hour they appeared at the Tuileries in the usual evening dress, but as they were about to enter the palace they paused in dismay at sight of a gentleman in short clothes alighting from a cab. It was too late to retreat, and, reflecting that they had been officially authorized to come in long trousers, they entered, albeit in some disarray.

The gracious reception of the Empress at once put them at their ease, and they were promptly re-

assured by noticing that the officers in waiting were attired as they were. The gentleman who had so alarmed them by alighting from his cab in knee-breeches was simply an usher who, finding himself belated, had taken a carriage to the palace.

M. Émile Ollivier was a singularly fascinating man. Beneath an exterior devoid of the slightest pretension, plain of feature, and cumbered with spectacles that concealed his fine, gentle eyes, the man of heart and genius was still to be descried.

The enthusiasm of our race which hails those who attain to power through new ideas enveloped him upon his entrance into the councils of the Emperor. No one more than he was pursued by the public clamor after the *dénouements* of the events over which he presided.

After the visit to the young prisoners which had so deeply inpressed the Empress, she established a commission during her regency for the purpose of reforming the odious system of solitary confinement and transferring its victims to agricultural penitentiaries. M. Émile Ollivier, a partisan of these institutions, warmly supported the views of the Empress, who presided at the meetings held at the Tuileries.

During the progress of one of these meetings the Empress, who ordinarily maintained silence

while she listened to the various members, charging a particular one to speak for her, personally espoused the cause of the unfortunate children and spoke with ardor of her desire to ameliorate their pitiable condition. One of the members of the commission, divining that such radical changes were likely to subvert the administrative economy, replied:

"All that you say is true, madame, but so many difficulties are raised by your suggestions as to place it beyond the reach of remedy. The whole affair resolves itself into a matter of sentiment."

"I ask your pardon," responded the Empress, gently, "it is a question of humanity and policy."

The youthful prisoners of La Roquette were finally distributed among the agricultural penitentiaries.

It was not without the liveliest anxiety that the heads of these establishments watched the newcomers—these unhappy wretches whom the law had judged stained with every vice—mix themselves among the children already disciplined by work, who had willingly accepted the free life of the fields and appreciated its advantages; but results soon confirmed all that could be hoped from this change of treatment.

The worst and most hardened natures rapidly

improved under the beneficent influence of a busy, active existence in the open air of the country. One of the prisoners was sixteen years of age when he was transferred to Cîteaux. He traveled with fifty-six of his companions and made himself conspicuous by his old coarseness.

"You may try to coax my comrades," he remarked to his keeper, "but you will never be able to manage me. At La Roquette I was called 'jail-bird,' and 'jail-bird' I will remain."

At the end of a year this boy had become so docile that he was pardoned before the expiration of his term. Thanks to the recommendation of the chief of the establishment, he became an intelligent farm-hand and is now an honest man.

Every month Dr. Conneau, who daily saw the Emperor, distributed in small parts a sum of sixty thousand francs, levied upon the imperial privy purse, which sum was spent to relieve the unfortunate beings who appealed to the inexhaustible charity of the sovereigns. Dr. Conneau died in 1878, leaving no fortune whatever to his family. From the year 1852 to 1869 the number of charitable institutions was raised from 9,331 to 13,278, being an increase of 3,942.

In Paris alone the number of infant asylums

was raised from 73 to 87; the number of infant schools from 1,735 to 3,633; that is to say 1,904 new schools were created with a capacity for 275,000 more children. The number of societies of maternal charity was raised, in all parts of France, from 44 to 1,860.

Moreover, a great number of hospitals were started, among others the new Hôtel-Dieu and the Hospital Lariboisière. The majority of the others were enlarged, drained, and furnished with new and perfected curative appliances. Work was carried on in the economical kitchens subsidized by the imperial purse. A corps was organized for the treatment of the sick at home and in the country, as well as a service of dispensaries, baths, and public lavatories; and last, but by no means least, that band of chaplains, almoners of the last prayers, was formed, that supreme offering of Christian piety which receives upon the threshold of the cemetery those poor creatures who are so unfortunate and deserted as to be forced to take the final journey to the field of rest unattended and alone.

The Empress never hesitated to go to Saint-Lazare, another social plague-spot, where misery, suffering, and vice conspire to render the somber house frightful to contemplate.

In the infirmary a wretched girl lay at the point of death. It was almost impossible to judge whether she was still young or whether she had reached the limits of extreme old age. Her life had been passed in the gutters and hospitals—a complete failure. In the hour of deliverance her vile and miserable past flitted like a horrible vision before her mind distracted with the pangs of dissolution. Haunted by the recollection of so much suffering and shame, the unhappy creature repulsed the exhortations of the chaplain, whom the nuns insisted upon being heard.

"Let me alone! There is no God!" she cried. "I can not suffer more in hell than I have suffered upon earth."

It was a tragic spectacle to watch one preparing for death by cursing life. Athwart her violence and the incoherence of her speech one could trace the wasted existence, while despair lent a sort of savage eloquence to her withered lips. A child had left its mark upon her life; she had lost it while young. Its memory returned to her evoking expressions of impassioned maternal tenderness. It was the only being she had loved, the only being who had cared for her, and death had taken it from her. Her outbursts of love for it were intermingled with

blasphemy and insults to those who surrounded her, seeking to comfort her.

The Empress approached and spoke to her. She sympathized with her, and used such gentle, touching words that the hardened heart relaxed.

"What! are you the Empress?" she said, "and can you, so rich, so beautiful, so happy, interest yourself in a wretch like me, and seem touched because I suffer? It must be true, then, that there is a good God since you have so kind a heart."

Thereupon she became calm; she asked forgiveness of the sisters and of the nurses; she begged one of the nuns to lend her her beads, and, with the assistance of the Empress she passed them around her throat, holding them against her poor, distorted face; then she asked for the priest and sought confession. A little later she expired in the consolation of prayer. The savage despair had yielded to divine hope, and the closing hours of that sad life were perhaps the sweetest.

The bearing of consolation to the dying is a sacred task; than it there is no duty more merciful. Ordinarily simple, almost playful in conversation, the Empress possessed upon such occasions an exalted, touching eloquence which is the privilege of truly great souls.

The day of that visit to Saint-Lazare was one upon which the Empress received the most touching proof of popular gratitude. The report of her presence in the prison spread, and a crowd gathered to see her. The people divine generosity by intuition. They comprehended that the visit of the Empress to these poor, despised creatures was an act of touching humanity.

When, on going out, she appeared upon the threshold of the prison, a concert of tender benedictions met her, and it was through the midst of kneeling groups of women who sought to touch her hands and garments while they presented their children to her that the Empress regained her carriage. It seemed as if they wished to testify their highest respect for one who had not hesitated to display her clemency toward infamy.

Her Majesty's benevolence and generosity were well known; while her visits among the cholera patients of Paris and Amiens proclaimed the valor of her serene soul.

Toward the end of September, 1865, the court was at Biarritz when tidings came that Paris was invaded by the cholera, terrible memoirs of which had been rife among the Parisian populace since the year of its last advent, 1849. It was at once

decided to return, and forthwith the court set out for Saint-Cloud.

The epidemic underwent several phases. Its first appearance filled all hearts with terror; then the plague seemed to be upon the wane, when, toward the middle of October, its revival was the cause of a general panic. Every one at liberty to leave Paris beat a hasty retreat. The working population, particularly, fell victims to the scourge; the hospitals were filled to repletion and families were decimated.

On the 21st of October the Emperor came to Paris, accompanied by General Reille, his aide-de-camp, and one officer of ordnance.

The Emperor paid a visit of some length to the Hôtel-Dieu, questioning the patients and the doctors, and encouraging them with his habitual calmness and benignity. Upon taking his leave he left a sum of fifty thousand francs to be expended for the comfort of the afflicted.

The Empress had not been made acquainted with this visit, and upon her husband's return she expressed much regret at being deprived of the pleasure of accompanying him.

"I thought you would want to go," said the Emperor to her, "but you have too bad a cold

to go out. That is why I did not let you know about it."

In truth, the Empress was suffering from a most severe cold, a sort of influenza, which much debilitated her.

That evening at dinner and next day there was much conversation upon the incidents of the cholera and upon the happy moral effect produced by the Emperor's visit to the sufferers, and his Majesty inquired whether I were afraid of the epidemic. At the time I possessed that happy confidence of youth which knows no fear of misfortune or death. I was no coward, and I told the Emperor so.

Next morning, October 23d, at nine o'clock, I was notified that the Empress had asked for me. I went to her with all speed, and was informed that her Majesty awaited me in the Emperor's apartments. Indeed, I found the Empress, already prepared to go out, talking with the Emperor in his study when I entered.

"The Empress intends to visit the cholera patients. I know how attached you are to her," said the Emperor to me, with great tenderness, "and I am sure you will insist upon accompanying her; but she will not take you with her unless you prom-

ise to remain in the carriage and not enter the wards with her."

I assured the Emperor that such conduct on my part would be veritable pusillanimity; that it would be the height of mortification to me not to accompany the Empress, and that contagion could as easily reach me at the doors of the hospitals as though I entered.

"Unless you give me your formal promise to remain outside, the Empress shall go without you," persisted his Majesty.

I was too tenacious of the honor of being with the Empress under the circumstances not to promise all that was exacted of me.

We quitted Saint-Cloud in one of the state carriages with outriders, the Marquis de la Grange, equerry to the Empress, and Commandant Charles Duperré, officer of ordnance to the Emperor, accompanying her Majesty.

"The Empress," said the "Moniteur" of October 23, 1865, "has consecrated the entire day to visiting the cholera sufferers. Despite a violent cold from which she had been suffering for several days, her Majesty, forgetful of her own fatigue in her interest in the suffering and mourning of others, has visited the hospitals Beaujon, Lariboisière, and Saint-

Antoine. She has passed through the wards filled with the afflicted, has approached the bed of many a sufferer, and has questioned and encouraged all with the solicitude and devotion of a sister of charity."

After the call at the Hospital Beaujon which was prolonged until midday, we went to the Tuileries, where a hasty luncheon was partaken of. Immediately after the repast the Empress set out for the Hospital Lariboisière, then to the Hospital Saint-Antoine. It was at the Hospital Beaujon that the Empress, having drawn near a bed on which lay a dying victim, took the sufferer's hand in hers and addressed to him a few words of holy consolation. Thinking that it was one of the nuns who accosted him, the man gathered his expiring strength to kiss the hand that held his, as he murmured:

"I thank you, sister."

The nun who accompanied the Empress bent over him, and remarked,

"You are mistaken, friend; it is not I, but our good Empress who speaks."

"Nay, sister," retorted the Empress quickly, "he has given me the sweetest of all names."

Since then these words have been frequently quoted.

At the Hospital Saint-Antoine one of the doctors who preceded the Empress mistook the door and opened the way into a ward where other patients were lying; these were afflicted with the small-pox. Perceiving his mistake, the doctor besought the Empress to retire, but she refused, and entered, saying:

"I wish to see these people as well, since they are sufferers."

Only she commanded me not to cross the threshold, remarking with a smile:

"I do not wish you to enter; if you were disfigured you could never be married."

At that very time her Majesty was in the full glory of her beauty. Upon coming out of the hospitals the Empress was almost borne to her carriage by the crowd who followed in her wake, who surrounded her, kissing her hands and loading her with blessings.

When at last we reached Saint-Cloud the Empress experienced the sweet emotion of perceiving that her dress had been cut into tatters, which the women of the people distributed in morsels and preserved as one preserves some relic.

THE END.

THE COURT OF NAPOLEON.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat.

1802–1808. Edited by her Grandson, PAUL DE RÉMUSAT, Senator. In 3 volumes, crown 8vo. Half bound, $2.25.

"Notwithstanding the enormous library of works relating to Napoleon, we know of none which cover precisely the ground of these Memoirs. Madame de Rémusat was not only lady-in-waiting to Josephine during the eventful years 1802–1808, but was her intimate friend and trusted confidante. Thus we get a view of the daily life of Bonaparte and his wife, and the terms on which they lived, not elsewhere to be found." —*New York Mail.*

"These Memoirs are not only a repository of anecdotes and of portraits sketched from life by a keen-eyed, quick-witted woman; some of the author's reflections on social and political questions are remarkable for weight and penetration."—*New York Sun.*

Memoirs of Napoleon,

HIS COURT AND FAMILY. By the Duchess D'ABRANTES. In 2 volumes, 12mo. Cloth, $3.00.

The interest excited in the first Napoleon and his Court by the "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat" has induced the publishers to issue the famous "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes," which have hitherto appeared in a costly octavo edition, in a much cheaper form, and in style to correspond with De Rémusat. This work will be likely now to be read with awakened interest, especially as it presents a much more favorable portrait of the great Corsican than that limned by Madame de Rémusat, and supplies many valuable and interesting details respecting the Court and Family of Napoleon, which are found in no other work.

The French Revolutionary Epoch.

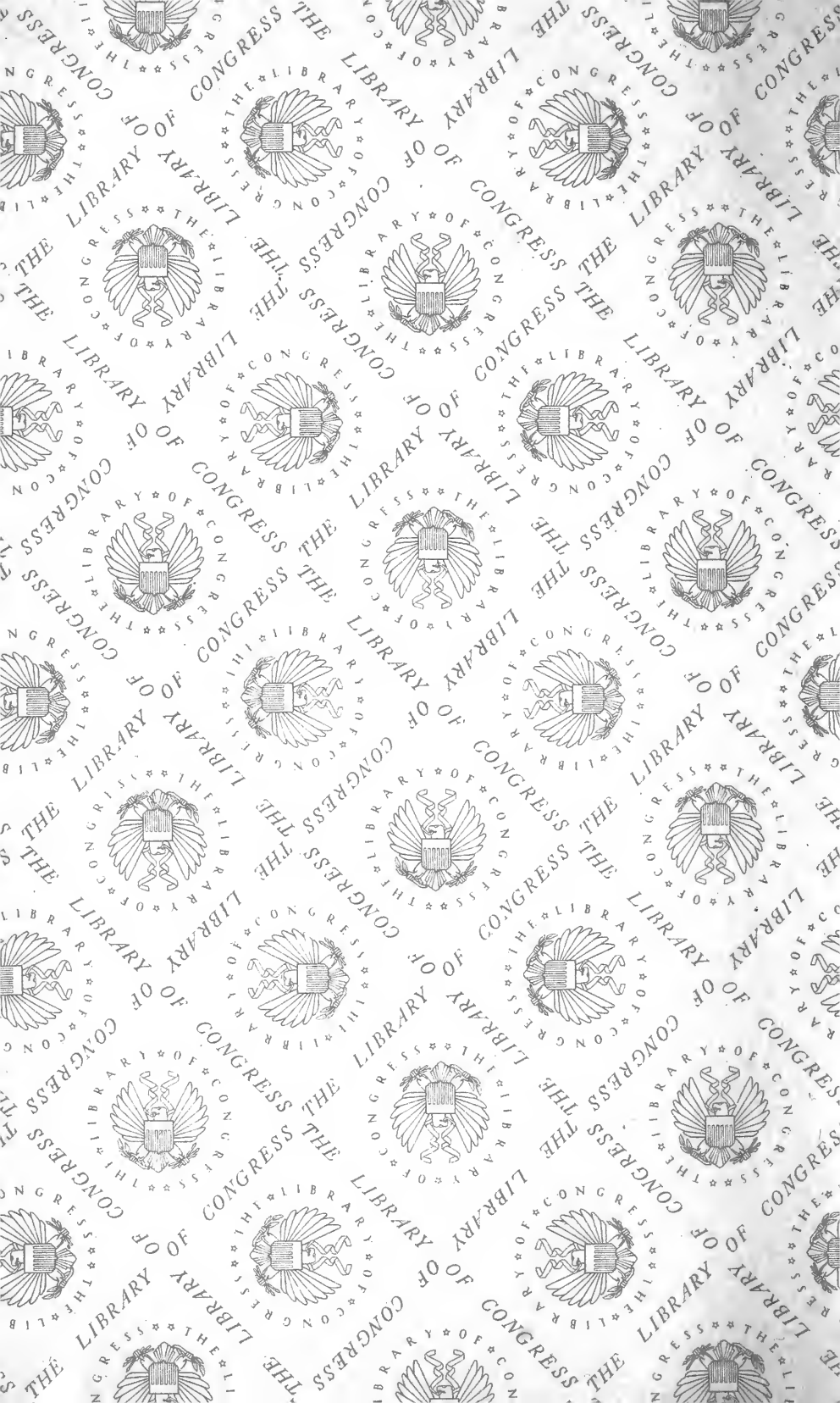
Being a History of France from the Beginning of the First French Revolution to the End of the Second Empire. By HENRI VAN LAUN, author of "History of French Literature," etc. In 2 volumes, 12mo. Cloth, $3.50.

"As a history for readers who are not disposed to make an exhaustive study of the subject treated, the book impresses us as eminently good."—*New York Evening Post.*

"This work throws a flood of light on the problems which are now perplexing the politicians and statesmen of Europe."—*New York Daily Graphic.*

"This is a work for which there is no substitute at present in the English language For American readers it may be said to have secured a temporary monopoly of a most interesting topic. Educated persons can scarcely afford to neglect it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

D. APPLETON & CO., PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.


THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 019 597 312 A